

An Apology

In order to enhance its physical appearance, The Reader's Digest was printed for the first time last month in Scranton, Pa. (All communications, however, should continue to be addressed to Pleasantville, N. Y.)

Due to a misunderstanding in the new printing plant, copies of the August issue were rolled instead of being mailed flat.

The publishers were no less perturbed in the matter than the many subscribers who promptly complained of receiving badly crumpled copies.

The blue cover has also been criticized as being too dark a background for reading matter.

It is hoped that, beginning next month, the new covers of The Digest will meet with pronounced favor.

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The Reader's Digest

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Hard-Boiled

Condensed from The American Magazine (August, '27)

Albert Payson Terhune

SIX of us were coming down Broadway from a club dinner one night, when a ragged derelict accosted us. "F'r Gawdsake, gents!" he croaked hollowly, "gimme a dime, to save the wife and baby from starving. Me, I don't care if I starve. I'd be better off dead than like this. It's them I'm prayin' for; for her and Baby! F'r Gawdsake!"

His hoarse voice was acquisive with earnestness. Yet his loose mouth was placid. His shoes were tattered but had sound soles; his shirt and collar were filthy but unfrayed. His eyes showed none of the sick dullness that goes with despair. Long sustained hunger or despair do subtle but readable things to the human face, if one has but the wit to know how to detect them. But my friends dug deep into their pockets, and the derelict wept with gratitude. As he shuffled away, I stopped him.

"You've got all you're going to get," I said. "So you can give yourself the luxury of truth for once. What are you going to do with the cash? Come across. They won't take it away from you."

For a moment he seemed about to burst into whiningly righteous indig-

nation. Then he grinned. "If Judgment Day don't happen till I can walk to the nearest speak-easy, I'm going to get so drunk I won't know am I in Palm Beach or in last Tuesday. So long, Hard-Boiled! So long, Saps!"

If I had really been "hard-boiled"—as the derelict and my friends thought—I would have turned the impostor over to a policeman for punishment. Instead of that, my heart warmed to the miserable chap's flash of impudence; and I hurried the others away, lest they want revenge for their lost money. Few people recognize the vast difference between a hard-boiled brain and a hard-boiled heart. Without a hard-boiled brain, it is as difficult to go through life, unsmashed, as for an egg to go scathless through a stone crusher. A hard-boiled heart, on the other hand, is as much of a curse to its possessor as to those around him.

It is often necessary to be hard-boiled, not only in self-defense, but out of kindness to others. The dentist who pulls your tooth halfway out, and then stands weeping in sympathy, is far less kind to you than one who works quickly and thoroughly. It is so all through life.

A magazine editor mentioned to me an instance where, feeling sorry for a writer who had come to him, he tried to assure him that every possible consideration would be given his work. The writer mistook that for a sure sale, and, with his wife, celebrated the triumph of having "arrived." His manuscripts proved impossible; he bitterly accused the editor of having misled him. A hard-boiled attitude from the start would have been the kinder way.

Unquestionably, life would run smoother and more pleasantly, all around, if everybody knew when to be hard-boiled. What if I dared to go into a barber shop or restaurant, get my service, and pay my checks without a tip to anybody! What if everybody did the same! All customers would then be served alike, without the toadying to the slinger of huge tips. Barbers, hat-checkers, taxi-drivers—none of them are objects of charity. We tip them through cowardice, not from generosity. If employers were not able to trade on the soft-boiledness of patrons, the employe would get fair wages and would be better off in his own esteem. We do not tip the clerk or the bus driver, though custom says we must tip the waiter and the taxi-driver.

The truly hard-boiled-brained man is the sworn enemy to "bunk" in all its myriad forms. Half the world trades on the soft-boiledness of the other half. How many hundred million dollars, I wonder, have been wheedled out of folks by hard-luck stories and sentimental gush. I am not talking about cases of true charity, but of the chronic and worthless hard-luckers and sentimentalists. The only armor against such a bombardment is hard-boiled judgment.

When you go to your tailor and merely order one suit, does he never intimate to you that a well-groomed man ought to have several business suits? And if he does intimate that, aren't you sometimes soft-boiled enough to increase your original order? Have you the hard-boiled nerve to say to him: "It's no business of yours whether I have 12

suits or one. Measure me for what I have ordered and nothing more."

It is the same along all lines of fashion. Miss Somebody looks like a Misfortune when she wears skirts to the knees and a shingle bob. She is one of the women to whom a long dress and coils of soft hair are tremendously becoming. Does she dare wear them? If so, I have not chanced to meet her. A straw hat is a cool and becoming head-covering for men. But what man is so hard-boiled as to go forth on September 15th, or after, wearing straw headgear, no matter how hot the weather may chance to be?

The world is organized largely on the principle of getting something from the other fellow. People are forever trying to sell you something you don't want or need. People are forever wanting you to do or to give something that you don't want to do or give. The man with a brain not hard-boiled enough to counterbalance his soft-boiled heart, is certain to be stung, fore and aft, and to be victimized. In order to fend off these pests (and to guard against one's unwise impulses) it is necessary to be hard-boiled.

"Hard-boiled" does not signify heartlessness. Here is my definition of the word: "To be hard-boiled means to be so certain of yourself that it makes no difference to you what other people may do or say or think." Such a person is not imposed on or victimized, or coaxed into doing something his own wishes do not approve.

If your hard-boiledness makes you unfair to humanity or unkind to those who have a just claim on your tenderness, then it is a vice; and it is not the thing I have been here praising. Hard-boiledness should be used as a defensive, not an offensive weapon; to guard its owner from a million useless troubles that beset him on every hand; not to make the world less happy and less comfortable for others. Hard-boiled heads, soft-boiled hearts—that's the right combination.

Beauty the New Business Tool

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (August, '27)

Earnest Elmo Calkins

AT the beginning of the era of mass production and industrial efficiency, most manufacturers felt that art was something for museums. Back in the gay nineties, new inventions and discoveries were transforming our industrial system, but when a manufacturer produced a machine that worked he stopped. It never occurred to him to go on and make his device pleasant to look at.

We enjoyed our era of the triumph of the machine, we acquired wealth, and with wealth education, travel, sophistication, a sense of beauty; and then we began to miss something in our cheap but ugly products. Efficiency was not enough.

The first influence in this regeneration was perhaps the advertising artist. It was frequently necessary to introduce the article sold into the advertisement, and most products and packages were so ugly they spoiled the picture. Pressure on the manufacturer led to a revision of boxes and cans and wrappers and labels, sometimes even to the extent of scrapping considerable goodwill that inhered in the old style, to keep up with a growing sense of taste in the consuming public.

The impact of beauty was manifest first in fashion goods and vanity products which owed their origin to French taste. Future connoisseurs may collect the perfume bottles of the 20th century as they now collect the snuffboxes of the 18th. A new art has grown up around those delightful bits of glassware.

For a long time the phonograph lingered in its ugly box with its blatant horn, and no one minded its hideousness in the strange new experience of listening to it. But when mechanical improvements were exhausted manufacturers

turned to esthetic ones, and now the phonograph may be an addition to the furnishing of a room. A similar transformation of the radio occurred, but it took less time, for today manufacturers are aware that we demand beauty with our utility, beauty with our amusement, beauty in the things with which we live.

Better-designed goods and packages immediately demanded a better environment in which to be sold, and thus we have a revolution in the furnishing of shops and stores. The old-fashioned store was a long, narrow room with counters down the full length on both sides; the layout did not vary. Today the store has given way to the shop, and in the smarter lines these shops are planned and decorated with the taste employed in designing a boudoir. The shop front, the tinting of the walls, the furniture, the arrangement—everything has been transformed. The counter is gone; occasional tables take its place. Chairs are arranged so as to suggest the careless grace of a drawing-room. Everything is done to create a setting for the new style of goods.

You see this also in every industry. Even the Cunard Steamship Co. has built a temple dedicated to ocean travel in which to sell tickets. That beauty has penetrated industry is proved conclusively in the increasing number of factories of pleasing architecture and with landscaped grounds. The efficiency of beauty as a business force is agreeably confirmed by the belief of some executives that better work will be done in pleasant surroundings, and this belief is manifest not only in the factories but also in the offices.

The office has undergone as great a transformation as the retail shop.

Tinted walls, sash curtains, period furniture, stained glass—fittings of more character than even private houses had 30 years ago,—are now almost the rule rather than the exception in offices. We are even coming to believe that the sick in hospitals get well quicker if the walls are painted the right color. In other words, we are just on the threshold of creating a new world of beauty on top of our modern industrial efficiency.

Motor cars are under the sway of the cult of beauty. Mechanical improvement reached its perihelion; the lower-priced cars were becoming dangerously efficient, and it was necessary to justify the price of the more costly ones by making them more sightly. Then manufacturers began to realize that people did not demand big cars, but merely cars in which they could take pride. The Chevrolet Company added design and color to mechanical efficiency, and for the first time the output of the Ford Company was exceeded by a rival manufacturer. Beauty has become a commercial talking-point.

The furnace once existed in gloomy seclusion in a cellar filled with dust and ashes. The modern heater is shaped and painted so that it becomes an object of furniture only a little less attractive than the porcelain stove of German fairy tale, and the cellar becomes one of the useful rooms of the house. Even the radiator is appearing in better designs. The bathroom is being lined with colored tiles, while the tubs and washbasins are exchanging their shapes of bare, cold, characterless efficiency for suggestions of period designs to which color also adds its cheerful note. Open plumbing has become one of the fine arts.

When we learned to soften the harsh glare of electricity by means of colored glass, paper, and fabric, and to shape the standards or brackets into beautiful forms, we had a new decorative material of infinite possibilities. Perhaps nothing more hideous than the old two-pronged gas ceiling fixture was ever devised.

There is now an economic reason for beauty. This means that the artist is going to have a better market for the products of his imagination. Buying pictures to help the artist, or endowing

art galleries in order that the public may have an opportunity to see beautiful things, is after all a makeshift. If art is the vital force in our lives that it should be, it does not need to depend upon charity. The only art that can survive and grow is art that is related to our life and our needs. It is far better that the world in which we live should be beautiful with the beauty that comes from appropriateness than that we should buy pictures unrelated to anything in our lives, and thus attempt to introduce a little vicarious beauty into ugly surroundings.

The slow but unmistakable turn of industry toward the creative arts means a future stable market for the artist's effort, putting him on a sound economic basis comparable to that of the chemist, the engineer, the economist, the statistician, and the efficiency expert, all of whom have been drafted by business as business grew beyond the specialized skill of the business man.

The move toward beauty is found in unexpected fields. An Eastern railroad has just put into service 20 locomotives which are gay in green and gold, with maroon trimmings. At the suggestion of the Bronx Parkway Commission the New York Central promptly changed the design of a bridge to one in sympathy with the sweeping lines of the parkway bridges.

There is behind all these changes simply the desire to sell. The appeal to efficiency alone is nearly ended. When choice rests between two articles of equal utility, it veers toward the more attractive, as is shown in the case of Fords and Chevrolets. Moreover, in the new contest of beauty the possibilities are greater than in the contest of efficiency. In beauty the sky is the limit. Mechanical knowledge is a tangible thing, easily acquired or imitated; but that intangible something which art gives, that creative, imaginative power, has no appreciable limits.

There is in all of us an inherent craving for beauty; each new ugly thing that is hurled at us by the machines will, under the softening influence of time, use, demand, and competition, evolve into something better to look at.

Bigger and Better Murders

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (August, '27)

Charles Merz

WHEN it comes to focusing the attention of the entire nation upon a single object, it is doubtful whether anything really unifies the country like its murders. The efficient mechanics of the modern press make it possible for 60 million people to read of any important event at the same moment and in the same amazing detail. Everybody knows at the same hour that Tiger Girl, Stolidly Indifferent, Maintains Calm While Courtroom Gasps.

At 9:33 P. M., August 25, the home of Wilbur Harris is rocked by an explosion. Police and reporters hurry to the scene. Across the stove lies the shattered body of Harris. The gas is on. But this has been no gas explosion. Instead, one of the trays of the electric refrigerator had been filled with trinitrotoluene. The papers tell the great Ice-Box Murder story. It was Harris's habit to strike a match when he went to the ice-box for a cheese. His wife knew this. So did Lt. Robins of the Wellfleet high-explosives arsenal. The two admit conspiracy. The story grows. And as a matter of news no harm is done by the fact that the dead man's widow is a girl of 21, blonde, bobbed-haired, with slender ankles, two full lips, and very white shoulders. An illicit love affair begins to be uncovered.

Pictures appear of Mrs. Harris as Bo-Peep in a church tableau at the age of 12, and diagrams of the Harris kitchen. An expert discusses the properties of the explosive used. A New York tabloid begins *Life Chapters of the Ice Queen*. The Sunday papers contribute parallels from the World's Great Loves, essays from psychologists on the nature of temptation, and special articles on great explosions. The tabloids interview the families of both defendants,

print composite photographs of electric ice-boxes changing into electric chairs, offer prizes for 25-word essays on the cure of crime, start campaigning against the selling of mechanical refrigerators, and develop three schools of phrenologists who differ as to what the bumps on the Ice Queen's head mean.

A few weeks later the trial begins, and the world's largest portable electric switchboard comes wheeling into action. This famous institution is the property of the Western Union, the pride of the news profession, and the only portable electric switchboard in existence capable of handling 20,000 words an hour. It is a gigantic metal box into which 180 wires can be hooked, opening instant communication with newspaper offices in every section of the country. It requires weeks for its installation and murder trials are its chief interest.

The installation of the switchboard is followed by the remodeling of the courtroom to permit the introduction of press tables, the setting-up of flashlight equipment, the enlistment of a motorcycle corps to carry photographs to the nearest rapid-transit station, the reservation of rooms for special correspondents, and, if the trial is held in a small town, the setting-up of faro games and tent-shows for the large army of tourists who may be expected to flock into town, hoping to see one or both defendants.

At the Hall-Mills trial 200 reporters were present; the *New York News* had 16 correspondents on the scene; the *Mirror* had 13; 50 photographers were on duty at all hours; through most of the trial ten were stationed in the courtroom; an eleventh fell through the skylight; 28 operators manned the portable switchboard; 60 leased wires carried bulletins to the country; eight papers leased whole

houses to accommodate their staffs. No other story since the discovery of printing was ever given such reporting. At the end of 24 days a total of 12,000,000 words had been sent by wire—words enough to make a shelf of novels 22 feet long.

The Gray-Snyder case was "covered" by 120 correspondents; a microphone poured the testimony through a battery of loud speakers; the *New York Times* carried 30,000 words of testimony on two successive mornings; and the Rev. Aimee McPherson, covering the trial for the *Graphic*, called on God to teach young men to say, "I want a wife like mother—not a Red Hot Cutie!" Mary Roberts Rinehart, Billy Sunday, Willard Mack, Dorothy Dix, Natacha Rambova, David Wark Griffith, Will Durant, John Roach Stratton—all turned reporters.

This is the literature of the nation. Words pile up. The wires hum. Presses roar. With supreme fidelity to a single all-absorbing topic, millions of Americans debate the merits of the trial. The worst pork-barrel bill in seven years goes through Congress with only a few professionals watching it. China no longer dominates the news—there is something else to talk about. The great American public is off on another national spree, enjoying once more a vicarious thrill in other people's vices and revelling in strange crimes. This is our Roman Circus.

Today if a really first-class murder is missing for a time, some second-class murder is taken by the hand, led to the center of the stage and advertised so successfully that, claiming to be a first-class murder, it actually becomes one. The famous murder trial has become an institution, as periodic in its public appearance as the cycle of the seasons. We could date much of our modern history by epochs: Third month, second week, of the Loeb-Leopold era, etc.

The curious thing is that the official agency which stages these great shows fails spectacularly to share the profits. The newspapers acquire prestige, and buy new presses. The telegraph companies make fortunes. The gentlemen

of the bar cash in. The successful district attorney becomes an available candidate for high public honors overnight. Only the state fails to profit. Yet it is the state which arranges the whole affair and stages it. And for its service the state not only fails to receive even a nominal fee, but is put to considerable expense in gathering its evidence, maintaining its court, and providing the jury with its board and lodgings.

Why should the state, which does most, profit least? It would be an act of justice as well as a shrewd business move if the state transferred these spectacles from the stuffy, inadequate courtrooms where they are held today, staged them in great amphitheaters, and charged admission. Bowls are available in every section of the country. Five spectacles a year, each lasting 40 days, might net \$100,000,000 in an average bowl containing 50,000 people. Syndicate rights could be sold to the press. Muscle Shoals, long idle, could be used to produce nitrates to make celluloid film for the Government's moving picture versions of the story. It might be possible—all sources of revenue considered—to cut taxes to a point where they would disappear and the state begin to show a profit. The full dramatic value of trials could be realized by abolishing judges and putting Broadway producers on the bench. Meantime the commercial theater itself would become clean overnight. For the Government's own super-productions of super-crime and super-sex would drive the riffraff out of business. All of us would have, at last, a political issue we really cared about. "Vote for Jones—Six Trials a Year!"

The Roman Colosseum was a national institution. If we are to have a circus of our own let us develop it with the high purpose and creative effort worthy of a more resourceful nation. Let us have the biggest, jolliest, noisiest, bloodiest murder trials the human imagination can conceive. We are bound to grow.

The only thinkable alternative is to treat the courts as if they were really meant to be the dignified homes of justice.

The New Sport of Balloon Jumping

Condensed from *The Forum* (August, '27)

Frederick S. Hoppin

EVERY now and then there bursts upon us a new sport with enough danger, exhilaration, and novelty in its enjoyment to attract adventurous spirits. The very latest thing in sport to catch the imagination of the old world is "balloon jumping," and it has all these qualities in a supreme degree. It combines the delights of flying with all the thrills of cross-country riding.

A small balloon about 18 feet in diameter and holding approximately 3000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas is attached by ropes 10 or 15 feet long to a sort of harness that can be fitted around the body and legs of the man who is going to jump in a way that supports him and yet leaves him free to move easily about. This size of balloon will raise a man weighing 140 or 150 pounds. If the man jumping is too light, little bags of sand are hung around his waist to keep his feet on the ground as he walks along, and to make certain that if he does go up in the air, he is sure to come down again,—at least within a reasonable time.

Now, floating in the basket of a balloon is the most perfect of all the methods of transportation yet devised by man. In absolute peace, breathing the exhilarating air of the mountain tops a mile or so above the earth, looking off over miles of billowy clouds all gold and white in the sunshine and opening here and there to show glints of the forests and lakes, the rivers and plains of the world far below, moving gently with the wind, you drift across the sky, like the gods, entirely in the hands of fate.

All these sensations are within the reach of the balloon jumper. He has the quiet, the smoothness of motion, a rather nearer view of the landscape, and, in addition, the extraordinary exulta-

tion of lightly surmounting all those terrestrial obstacles which ordinarily obstruct travel across the surface of the earth, and of engaging in what is really a sublimated form of point to point race.

On a fine Summer day when a little breeze, moving not faster than 15 miles an hour, is blowing across the country the balloon jumper settles himself in his harness, the balloon floating above him. A little gust comes along. He bends his knees and springs easily up into the air. The balloon bears him up gracefully a hundred feet or so above the ground and together they drift across the landscape over fields, fences, and ditches, till they come gently down again a hundred yards or so from where they left the earth. In front of him stands a tree. He walks forward a few steps while the balloon regains its balance and begins to rise again. Then, as it tugs for freedom, he steps leisurely up into the air towards the tree. He reaches the upper branches and, resting his foot lightly on the most extended one, steps slowly and dignifiedly toward the top, and there pushes carelessly off into space and floats gracefully down to the ground. So Peter Pan must have crossed the treetops.

A few steps down the field a barn looms ahead. This time the jumper takes off a little farther away and, with a strong spring, upborne by the wind, he and the balloon rise majestically to the rooftree and there, for a moment, he poises on one foot. The lightest of shoves and he floats off and upwards, to sail serenely a hundred feet or so before alighting upon the turf.

Glittering in the distance straight ahead, lies a pond a couple of hundred yards wide. The jumper takes this just

as carelessly as the rest. Rising into the air before he reaches the pond, he drifts half-way across and then floats down lightly as a sea gull to the surface of the water. He hardly touches it with his feet, and the obedient balloon turns upward again and bears him far beyond the other shore.

And so he progresses down the countryside, like the giant in his seven-league boots, topping fences, walls, trees, brooks, and even a kindly and indifferent cow, over whom he jumps as easily as her ancestor did over the moon.

The game demands no special skill or technique, but just a little practice. A gentle wind, an open country, and a very slight balance of weight in favor of the man over the balloon are the essentials.

Ski jumping and high diving give something of the same joyful flying thrill as balloon jumping but with them the return to earth or water is, like the collapse of any ideal, distinctly jarring. In balloon jumping the coming back to solid ground is like a gull lighting on the water, like a leaf drifting down softly on a still day in October. The wind is your slave and the genii of the balloon take you up and put you down as deliciously as Aladdin's did the Princess, asleep in her royal bed.

Unfortunately, just as you can only toboggan down hill or ski jump from a higher level to a lower, so you can only do balloon jumping with the wind. Then, after that wonderful progress through the air, you must slowly and painfully tug the balloon back on foot or tow it carefully behind a car along roads free from wires or overhanging trees. Wires, indeed, are a peril which has already caused accidents, not only to balloons but to the jumpers. Balloon jumping, nevertheless, is one of the most thrilling of sports.

There may be also a great practical future for the idea in a modified form. Why should we not in time perfect a moderate sized knapsack filled with some highly volatile non-inflammable gas which, strapped comfortably to our back, would be able to lift some 20, 30, or 40 pounds off our burden of flesh?

Fitted with one of these knapsacks, a stout, elderly gentleman could saunter from his house in the country and stroll up a steep, high hill more easily than he can now tramp down it. If a brook crossed his path, he could jump it as carelessly as if it were the gutter. He would feel as if 30 years, not 30 pounds had dropped off him. He would have to be careful only about putting the precious knapsack on and off, lest he should release it too recklessly and then have to watch it sail gaily away to join the Pleiades.

It looks rather as if Sir Isaac Newton's gravity, already somewhat groggy from the Einstein attack, were going to receive another staggering blow. If the present balloon jumping apparatus should hold the same relation to its future development as the Wright plane to the trans-Atlantic flyer, or as the Montgolfier balloon to the Zeppelin, then we are on the threshold of a fascinating new phase, not only of sport but of existence.

If we should ever have knapsacks of unlimited power, our whole present day world will be turned upside down. Middle-aged gentlemen, knapsack on back, will go floating through the empyrean; the sky will be filled with poets, definitely out of touch with reality; second-story men will ply their trade with ease; children, like cherubs, will be found perching on the housetops. Legislatures will be busy making rules for the right of way up and down and sideways, or regulations against landing on the head of a fellow citizen or planting a foot on any part of him as you rise. And then there will be all the new rules of etiquette: should you pass over or around a lady?

Moreover, as history always repeats itself, reproducing the same phenomena under each period's disguise, we should see a new St. Martin sharing his knapsack with the beggar, a George Washington crossing his Delaware on a favorable breeze, a Sheridan reaching his Winchester in one long hop.

There is no end to the probabilities and the possibilities, but the interesting thing is that the beginning of it all is here before us today.

Everybody Goes to College

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (August 6, '27)

Albert W. Atwood

BRIEFLY but effectively the educational chasm which has separated Europe from the United States may be visualized in the figure of a ladder. The European system has consisted of two ladders, one very short and the other very long. The short ladder has been for the masses of the people—for more than 90 percent of them. When they reach the top of their brief, common-school education they go to work, of course. A few youths, mostly boys, of the higher social classes climb the long ladder through the university.

Here we have only one ladder—that from the elementary school through the university. Not all boys and girls climb to the top, although far more make the journey than in Europe; but it is open to all, and in a sense new to the world, it is free to all.

Europe trains a few selected leaders better than we train many in our hit-or-miss fashion. But we have far more leaders; we have a greater bulk of middle-range capacity. Since the war European countries have sent many commissions to study our educational system. They begin to suspect that to survive they, too, must draw more leaders from their lower as well as their higher levels.

At the present time a single one of hundreds of colleges and universities may reject as many as 2000 or 3000 applicants in a single year. One group of 30 colleges can accept only half the applicants; one in the group as few as 20 percent. Institutions hardly known outside their own states may turn away as many as 600 or 700 applicants.

Yet actual registration in our colleges and universities increased six times as rapidly as the population between 1890 and 1924. In less than 50 years the

proportion of those in college in a given group has risen from less than 1 in 100 to something like 1 in 12. Enrollment must be increasing at the present time at not less than five percent a year, and probably more nearly ten percent. At the present rate of increase we shall shortly have 1,000,000 students in colleges and universities. Higher education has shifted from a rare luxury for the chosen few, the select and the exceptional, to an every-day, matter-of-fact necessity for the very many.

The colleges are constantly reaching down to lower levels of occupational groups as respects the parents. Even in the old endowed institutions of the East, sometimes called rich men's colleges, a large minority of the men students support themselves in whole or in part. In a Western state university nearly three-quarters of the men students support themselves wholly or in part, and in one smaller institution the percentage runs up to 81.5. A traveler on a transcontinental train discovered that one of the brakemen and one of the colored porters each had a son in a state university.

In California the state university is now in two cities, Berkeley and Los Angeles; and there are local interests which would like to have full-time, complete state universities in three other cities in the same state. Massachusetts has the oldest of our universities—Harvard—yet even in Massachusetts the establishment of a state university is being discussed. Two of the world's largest universities are in New York City—Columbia and New York—and in addition the city maintains a large free college—the College of the City of New York. Yet an entirely separate university is being started in the borough of Brooklyn, and no doubt other boroughs will soon demand their own college.

Ohio has one of the largest of state universities and a score or more of privately endowed colleges. Yet, in addition, a system of municipal universities seems to be growing up in cities like Cincinnati, Toledo and Akron. All over the country, in fact, municipal universities show signs of developing in the larger cities.

Perhaps the most striking educational development of all is the junior college—of which some 300 have come into being in a very few years, largely the offshoot of the high school.

Yet practically all the existing institutions are pressed for funds. Three endowed universities of the East alone are seeking at the present moment, through the means of drives, added funds of nearly \$200,000,000. In 1900 it cost one of the New England colleges \$382 a year to support a student, and the tuition paid was \$110. In 1925 the tuition had been increased \$200, but the cost to the college was \$918. These growing pains of expansion however are not what concern us now.

What are the reasons for the rising tide of higher education? The basic cause is simple. It is nothing more than the inevitable by-product of the long and steady growth of the American system of free public schools. If the Mississippi River is flooded at its mouth, it is the result of being swollen by tributaries. The colleges merely reflect the onward sweep of high-school education since the Civil War.

As soon as the economic resources of the country made free tuition possible, the old academy went out and the free public school came in. There are now some 19,442 free public high schools in the United States, and American society is only beginning to realize what a huge, significant and costly experiment it has entered upon. Only an insignificant fraction of those who attend the elementary schools in Europe go into the secondary schools, unless to learn a trade. Here more than three-quarters of the children who complete the highest elementary grade enter the high school, and probably one-fifth of the youth of the United States of the proper ages actually complete the high-school course.

New York City has more high school students than all of France; Los Angeles more than Austria; Detroit more than London.

The high school has been made possible in part by the union district, and school buses. In one rural section 19 elementary districts combine to make a single union high school. By such combination a sufficiently large tax unit is obtained to afford spacious buildings and good teachers even in the rural areas.

The chief factor, however, is the extraordinary wealth of this country. No other nation can possibly afford to maintain millions of adolescents in semi-idleness in high school and college. It is not merely that we are more democratic; we have a larger purse. Through sheer necessity European countries must confine any lengthy period of education to either the few upper-class youths or to the extremely intellectual select.

Child welfare is also to be considered. It has become one of the main activities of our time. More and more, child labor is opposed not only by union labor but by public opinion. Then, too, as industry becomes mechanized there is no place for the 15-year-old boy. A \$10,000 machine cannot be placed in the hands of an irresponsible lad. Formerly he went to work as an apprentice in a hand industry, but the apprentice system has departed. When goods were made by hand boys and girls could be used, but not today. So in steps the law and says they shall not remain idle, and we have a rising compulsory school age, varying by states, but reaching a maximum of 18 years.

Each year the educational emphasis is shifting a little. Once it was all upon the common school—the little red schoolhouse—and then upon the high school. The center of gravity now seems to be tending toward the college. Roughly speaking, as large a percentage of the population is getting a college education today as received a high-school training 50 years ago. It is now the thing to go to college, as it was once the thing to go to high school.

It was not long ago that college presidents were traveling about trying to

interest young people in higher education. Propaganda to attend college has gone over with a vengeance. What boy is not interested, when Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks says that a college-trained man has 800 times the chance of success in life of one with only an elementary-school education? Even the U. S. Bureau of Education has issued reports, showing that every additional day spent in school is worth \$9 on the average. A widely quoted magazine article by a college dean shows that on an average a college education is worth \$660 a year for life. Dean Lord of Boston University recently made a survey showing that the average earnings of graduates of colleges in excess of those of high school, between ages 14 and 60, are about \$72,000.

There is, of course, a serious objection to these tabulations. We have no way of knowing whether it is education which makes the college graduate earn more or whether he is a selected person to begin with who would earn more in any case. Probabilities strongly favor the latter assumption. Such a large proportion of all the country's flower of youth go to college that success is inevitable. Of course, Johnny Smith, who goes to college, earns more than Johnny Brown, who does not go. Smith's father owns a hardware store and his son goes into the hardware business or at least inherits the property. Johnny Brown's father is a day laborer, and Johnny goes to school only until the legal age is reached. He has nothing to inherit and no business to go into.

When Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams and Amherst put on drives for funds we read statements to the effect that the average income of members of the 10 or 15 or 20 year class is \$18,000, or thereabouts. Which means nothing, because one \$200,000 income of a rich man's son brings up the average. Even the median would mean little because of the relatively large proportion of rich men's sons.

But this line of reasoning is far too abstruse for the public at large. All the people see is that college men do succeed, and therefore, rather pathetically, they are determined that their sons and

daughters shall go, with or without brains.

Even if the money-value argument does not register, then the distinction argument does. If we go back to the country's beginnings we find that nearly half the signers of the Declaration of Independence were college bred. This is true also of a large proportion of our presidents, of nearly all members of Congress and of most of the persons listed in Who's Who. All of which is the more remarkable because in the past college men constituted a very small percentage of the entire male population, and even now are but a small group relatively.

Business may or may not want college men, but it has to take them because, speaking broadly, such a large proportion of all the flower of youth goes to college that it can't get anything else. The big corporations now regularly recruit their junior-officer material from graduating classes. An unusually fine type of senior in one of the better-known universities may have as many as 50 offers.

We are dealing here with deep economic currents. Originally in this country nearly all college graduates become ministers, lawyers, doctors or teachers. Now there are many professions which did not formerly exist, and in addition, a great general group known roughly as "business" into which a steadily rising proportion of each year's class enters. Industry and commerce have become too specialized for potential leaders to be secured in any other way.

Yet we cannot overlook the dark side of the picture. Going to college has become a fetish, a form of social tyranny. To those who cannot afford to go, who do not quite meet the entrance requirements, the whole subject looms up as a form of terror. College graduates form a relatively small percentage of the population, but they completely dominate the higher social standards of the nation. Men who have not attended college suffer from a particularly aggravated form of inferiority complex. No matter how well read or studious, they ascribe a magic to college which, of course, does not exist in any strict intellectual sense.

Large numbers of boys and girls go to college merely to belong. The young person wants to be able to say he has been to college, has belonged to something there, and is now able to join a university club. At one Western state university I was told that girls leave at the end of a year or two, both because they are elected to and because they are not elected to a sorority. If the girl is elected she has no more worlds to conquer; if she fails to receive a bid there is no use in remaining.

It is true that colleges always have stood for social prestige, but there is now a mighty gathering momentum about it all. In earlier days very few regarded these advantages, real or supposed, as being open to them. As the instinct to follow what has become a mass movement gathers force, the tragedy of missing out is the more poignant.

Many girls are sent to college these days because it affords them an opportunity to spend four very awkward years in a fairly safe, cloistered sequestration. In other words, many boys as well as girls go to college merely because the parents do not know what else to do with them. When they become too much for the parent, when they get beyond the discipline of the home and are merely a source of endless perplexity to the sorely harassed parent, then any financial sacrifice is better than keeping them at home.

The extremely recent rush of girls to college forms a special subject all by itself, with which we are not concerned at present. But it should be said that the real feminine mass movement is to the numerous great coeducational state and municipal institutions so typical of the Middle West.

The plain fact is that much of this movement is for matrimonial purposes, although perhaps not consciously so. What the college is really doing for girls is to carry them over the gap between the home and high school on one hand and matrimony on the other. Often, if the family can afford to send only one child to college, it will send the girl, rather than the boy, for strictly social purposes—to enable her to marry better.

This situation is an exact reversal of the European, and is a social phenomenon absolutely unique in the world's history.

Then, too, we must recognize that great numbers of both boys and girls go to college solely to get away from home. They feel bored, cramped and stifled at home, especially if it is a small town or even a small city. Youth feels an irresistible impulse to reach the larger social centers. Distinguished scholars on the faculties of universities like Chicago and California attribute the vast numbers in residence more to the intellectual advantages than the facts warrant. It is the great city or city region that really so strongly appeals to the youth from agricultural sections.

It is not my intention to overlook the fact that many boys and girls do go to college for strictly intellectual purposes. And even with all its faults, college is probably the best entrance, on the average—although by no means in all cases—to life itself. This idea has been well expressed by a committee of the Association of University Professors:

"Even the lad of 17 may feel that throughout his career, in his office, in his club, in his home, a college background would give him a sense of fitness, and that if he should miss it he would always be conscious of a certain handicap. These personal ambitions are in every way laudable. But in justice to itself the college must not attempt to do more than it can do well.

"There are few colleges in which classes are not already too large for the most effective teaching. If the average college wishes to avoid being overcrowded, lowering its standards, leaving much of its teaching to inexperienced instructors, abandoning individual training, it must finally restrict its numbers. Indefinite expansion in campus, buildings, equipment, endowment and faculty is not everywhere possible."

In brief, simple terms, then, the question we have yet to attack is whether too many of American youth are going to college. The answer is difficult but worth seeking, for it deals with an intensely absorbing subject directly affecting several millions of people.

Colorado Tears Down Her Mountains

Condensed from The World's Work (August, '27)

Arthur Chapman

WHEN Zebulon M. Pike sighted Pike's Peak swimming "like a great blue cloud" on the horizon, he was amazed to find that this mountain was only the outstanding sentinel of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Major Long, whose name is given to Long's Peak, thought this range would mark the farthest possible extension of the United States.

Railroad men, coming later, found the main range between Long's and Pike's peaks unconquerable. The Denver Rio Grande was forced south more than 100 miles before it could turn west through a gorge of the Arkansas river. A survey party of the Union Pacific, pursued by Indians, accidentally discovered the pass over Sherman Hill in Wyoming, 100 miles north of Denver.

Meantime, Denver was swiftly changing from a mining camp to the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain region. Still the mountain barrier prevented a trans-continental railroad line from running through it. Travelers from Salt Lake City, on the through line, had to go either to Pueblo, 150 miles south, or to Cheyenne, nearly 100 miles north, and from thence go to Denver. A wagon road ran over Rollins Pass, near Denver, and this pass was surveyed by the Burlington in the '80's, but the difficulties of construction and operation seemed too great and the project was abandoned.

It began to look as if Denver's much desired direct line to Salt Lake City never would materialize, but David H. Moffat, a Denver pioneer banker, mining operator, and railroad builder, came to the rescue. In 1902, Mr. Moffat, backing the enterprise with his personal fortune and with subscribed funds, began the construction of the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad. It was the plan to build

the line over Rollins Pass and operate it until a tunnel could be constructed under James Peak.

Construction costs were heavy. Much work had to be done in solid rock. Many short tunnels had to be driven. But in spite of these difficulties, the railroad was built. In less than two hour's run from Denver the train climbs more than 6000 feet to the pass at Corona, 11,660 feet above sea level. Four Mallet type engines are required to haul a train of 22 freight cars up the grades. During winter plows operate constantly to clear the heavy drifting snows. Often the drifts are so great that operations have to be suspended for weeks at a time.

The tunnel through the main range still remained the prime necessity. It would eliminate the heaviest grades and the snow fighting. Mr. Moffat began a tireless though fruitless quest to raise funds for the tunnel. Nine years after he had started the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad, popularly known as the "Moffat Road," Mr. Moffat died in New York on one of his frequent trips to enlist the aid of financiers.

His railroad had penetrated the rich stock-raising, mineral, and agricultural region of northwest Colorado, but there was no money to push it on to Salt Lake City. Running expenses were abnormal. The railroad went into the hands of a receiver, and was barely saved from being "junked" altogether.

Determined that the tunnel project should be pushed to completion, the people of Colorado attempted community aid. Three attempts were necessary before a plan was found which proved both popular and legal for lending the credit of the city to the railroad. When this finally was accomplished, Colorado was free to proceed with the

project, which will cost \$10,000,000 or more to complete.

Work on the Moffat Tunnel was started September 20, 1923. It will be 6.09 miles long, and will rank among the great railroad construction enterprises of the world. It will be the longest railroad tunnel in America, and the sixth longest in the world. A pioneer tunnel, eight feet square, to be used to carry water from the western slope of the Rockies to the eastern slope and also for power, telephone, and telegraph lines, is being built 75 feet from the main tunnel, which is to be 16 by 24 feet. Crosscuts are driven from the water tunnel to the main tunnel line every 1500 feet. Headings are being driven from these crosscuts in both directions, in the main tunnel, thus speeding up work.

The reason for the water tunnel in connection with the railroad tunnel is found in the plentiful water supply on the western slope of the Rockies, compared with a rather limited supply on the eastern side. Sufficient water can be brought through the pioneer tunnel to insure an ample supply for Denver, as well as to irrigate much farm land in eastern Colorado.

Many difficulties have been encountered. The first 8000 feet from the west portal have been such soft rock that heavy timbering had to be put in. Water, presumably drained from lakes far above the tunnel, presented a serious problem. The heavy blasting required, frequently threw large rocks against the timbering, knocking out several sets at a time. In the heavy ground the slips in the rock were so pronounced that the 12 by 12, 16 foot legs of the arches bulged and broke. Steel "I" beams solved the difficulty.

The tunnel will be electrically operated, so passengers traveling through it will suffer no inconvenience from smoke. A unique feature will be the carrying of automobiles from one side of the Continental Divide to the other. Motorists who wish to eliminate the long climb over the pass will be able to load their automobiles on flat cars which will be taken through the tunnel. Rollins Pass is close to Berthoud Pass, which is on the Victory Highway, a much traveled

route between Denver and Salt Lake City, so that no doubt many motorists will take advantage of this opportunity.

Having paid for the tunnel themselves, the people of Colorado purpose to keep it as a public utility, leasing it by contract. The tunnel, by its "key" position, may be instrumental in changing the railroad map.

The boring of the Moffat tunnel means the ultimate completion of the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad to Salt Lake City, opening up much land in northwest Colorado and eastern Utah where immense beds of oil shale and deposits of lignite coal are situated.

The tunnel will shorten the present rail distance from Denver to Salt Lake City by approximately 175 miles and rich beds of gilsonite in Utah will be tapped.

It is not intended to abandon the railroad over the Continental Divide. This notable engineering achievement has been a popular attraction for tourists, who enjoy the novel experience of climbing above the timberline, and romping in snowbanks in July and August. It is planned to keep this road in operation for special trains in the summer, but the main travel will be through the tunnel. The eastern portal of the tunnel is 50 miles from Denver, at an elevation of 9190 feet. The elevation of the western portal is 9100 feet, and the peak of the tunnel is near the center, allowing drainage both ways. At its highest point the tunnel will be 2440 feet below the present crossing at Corona.

The building of the Moffat tunnel through state aid is one of the most notable instances of public help being extended to a railroad since the days of the free land grants for transcontinental construction. But through the leasing of transportation, power and water rights and oil pipe lines, it is believed that the tunnel can be made to derive a large and steady income. Its chief benefits are expected to come in providing a new outlet for transcontinental traffic and in the development of rich territory heretofore difficult of exploitation because of adverse conditions of transportation.

What Is a Dude Ranch?

Condensed from Harper's Bazar (August, '27)

Mary Roberts Rinehart

A DUDE ranch is a cattle ranch, usually in the far-back country, which may or may not still run cattle, but which also takes paying guests. Practically always the taking of paying guests has begun in a small way. The business of the ranch went on as usual. The guests were accommodated, either in the main ranch house or in one or two tent houses or cabins erected nearby. The visitors were a part of the family. And, thank Heaven, that still persists. Guests are never boarders, but friends and visitors. But as time went on, and these Easterners went back tanned, healthy, and enthusiastic, the numbers of tent houses and cabins grew. Bath houses had to be built, and the number of saddle horses increased, until the large dude ranch today, while bearing no resemblance to a hotel, is as complicated as one in its running, with the additional problems of its remoteness and necessary transport, and of its corrals, horses, saddles, cowboys, guides, packers, and camp cooks.

There are at least 42 dude ranches in Montana and Wyoming alone. The Burlington railroad issues two booklets on dude ranches reached by its lines, and the Northern Pacific was largely instrumental in forming the new Dude Ranchers' Association. Undoubtedly the Southern and Pacific coast railroads are also equally helpful to the inquiring "dude."

The large ranches are generally better prepared to care for and amuse a guest. He can always get up riding parties or picnics, dance in the dance hall, and find a fourth for bridge. On the other hand, the small ranch may be more home-like, his relations with the family more intimate, and the rate will be somewhat

lower. Also, the small ranch may be more actively engaged in raising cattle, although most dude ranches still run a herd of sorts.

Naturally, rates vary, from \$35 to \$50 a week for the smaller enterprises, but that rate is inclusive of food, room, horse, and saddle. The larger ranches charge from \$50 to \$70. Only laundry is an extra charge, but too much fresh linen is considered swanky!

Consider the problem of the dude ranch, shut away in its mountain fastness or among the foothills, its remoteness, its charm, but also its difficulty. It must live like an army, on its transport. During the height of its season it may have to feed 200 people, often more. It may be anywhere from 10 to 100 miles from its base of supplies, over dirt roads which turn to sticky gumbo after a rain. Yet good weather or bad, it must feed its 200 guests, and also its office force, cowboys, wranglers, guides, waitresses, gardeners, cooks, blacksmiths, and laundry maids. It must wash the linen, provide light and heat, run its own store and perhaps post office, for the accommodation of guests. It must have ice for food storage, and it must feed and care for hundreds of saddle horses, both winter and summer. Easy? It is a full-sized job. Compared to it, the old cattle days were luxurious.

In the early days, the Government threw most of the free range open to homesteaders, who could not live on their acreage but did not know it at the time; and beef went down and wire went up, and so the Easterner found his chance to go West. Now he can have all the fun of a ranch at a trifling cost. He has no taxes to worry about, no irrigation problems to solve. He has

good—often remarkable food, hot and cold baths, a comfortable room, spotlessly clean. He has scenery, riding, fishing, and what not, and at the end, having paid just a little more than he has cost, he can take home the snapshots of himself and family on horseback to show the neighbors. A smaller waist—one of the favorite pastimes of most males on a dude ranch is to show that they can insert both hands into the waistbands of their breeches—and begin to plan to go back next year.

Must one know how to ride before going to a dude ranch? Certainly not, or there would be no dude ranches. Perhaps ten percent of the people who visit them have ridden before. A dude ranch worthy of the name teaches riding. There will always be a novice class, taken out by some reliable horseman. And there are always reliable horses. Small children, from six up, elderly people in the seventies, all ride.

One is free to join any riding party. Most of them organize all-day rides, sometimes with each individual carrying a box lunch on his saddle, again with a rendezvous in the mountains where a good camp cook will have ready an excellent hot meal.

Most dude ranches are also equipped to take out camping parties. Tents are carried, plenty of bedding and food. They come back in a week or ten days, tanned, a bit weary but full of oxygen and health. These trips, which usually make a fresh camp each night, are run at a low extra charge, being additional attractions rather than profit-making attractions. Generally the camps are made where there is fishing.

As to clothes, take old ones, mostly. And what a change that is! Travel light. Large and elaborate outfits are useless and in bad taste. Indeed, it is not so long ago since there was a rule at the ranch where we have our cabin that any man seen in white trousers went into the horse trough. Riding clothes, warm coats and sweaters, a simple party frock or two for dance nights—that comprises the list. Waders, a rod and fly-book for the fisherman, and in the fall shotgun or rifle, bathing-suits where there is a swimming hole, may be added.

The dude ranch season is longer in the Northwest than is generally supposed, including the latter half of May, June, July, August, September, and October. In the more southern States dude ranches are open the year around. Even in Montana and Wyoming some ranches carry a few guests throughout the winter.

We have learned much about vacationing! There has arisen in the American mind a great interest in health. And along with this have come fashions for women which, if not so lovely, have meant bodily emancipation. Exercise, proper food, and healthful recreation occupy the public mind, and we have learned that not idleness, but change of occupation, means real rest and holiday making.

The dude ranch is a reaction from the old artificial forms of summer recreation. Also it is the only compromise I have found which will satisfy all the members of a family. The average family vacation is a compromise, and in the end nobody gets exactly what he wants. The rest and quiet exercise of a dude ranch appeal to the elders, the romance, freedom, and riding are exactly to the taste of the young. And a vast number of American citizens are learning something about the West, and incidentally diverting a good many American dollars from the avaricious clutch of European hotel-keepers.

There is an excellent reason for this Western movement of ours. First, the wilderness as such will not survive. Even this invasion will in the end partially destroy it. So it is well to see the life now; to watch horses being broken, or exhibition riding on buckers; and to see cattle still being handled by cowboys as they were in the old days.

But there is another reason also. In these crowded lives we live there must be some time for rest and contemplation. Driving a motor at 40 miles an hour does not give it, resort life of the old type never did give it.

Exercise, recreation, and rest the ranch does give—the simple life; not like Saratoga in the old days, or Newport or Atlantic City. Not like anything in the world but itself.

The Air Mail Pilot

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (August, '27)

Burt M. McConnell

IN the six weeks between the Lindbergh and Byrd trans-Atlantic flights, U. S. Air Mail pilots flew approximately 750,000 miles, by day and by night, without a serious accident and without the loss of a single letter. The air mail must go on, regardless of weather; it is no longer "news"; it has reached the stage where it is as dependable as the 5:15 from the Union Station.

The Air Mail Service, by its pioneering work, has advanced civil aviation in this country by at least ten years. It has demonstrated the reliability of air transportation on a regular schedule over long distances. No other nation carries as much mail and express by air. Furthermore, European air lines are heavily subsidized.

Last year government Air Mail planes flew 2,583,056 miles over the San Francisco-New York route—nearly a million of them at night, although five years ago night flying was unheard-of in this country. These machines carried a total of 17,345,960 letters. Throughout the 12 months, which included some of the worst blizzards in history, their aggregate performance was 93.46 percent perfect. There were two fatal accidents—less than one death per million miles flown. In 1920 there was one fatality for every 1,928,000 freight-train miles covered on American railroads.

Air transport companies operating 4759 miles of feeder lines for the transcontinental route, flew a total of 2,068,395 miles last year, carrying 7651 passengers and almost two million pounds of mail, freight, and express—all without accident. The record of the Western Air Express over the route between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles was over 99 percent perfect for the year, despite the fact that this route, 589

miles in length, is over deserts and mountains.

On July 1, 1927, the Chicago-San Francisco route was taken over by the Boeing Airplane Co., of Seattle. Carrying air mail is now big business; the National Air Transport, for example, which will take over the New York-Chicago route on August 15, is capitalized at \$10,000,000. There will be two trips each way daily, one night and one day. When this new company starts operations under its contracts with the American Railway Express Co. and the Post Office Department, its planes will fly (between New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Fort Worth, and Dallas) approximately 5000 miles a day—more than the machines of any other company in the world.

The Colonial Air Transport, operating between New York and Boston as a feeder to the transcontinental route, has a record of 130,000 miles flown during the past year, without loss of a single piece of mail.

Other contract routes lie between Chicago and St. Louis, 227 miles; Chicago-Dallas, 995 miles; Detroit-Cleveland, 148; Pasco, Wash.-Elko, Nev., 424; Detroit-Chicago, 278; Seattle-Los Angeles, 1073; Chicago-Minneapolis-St. Paul, 384; Cheyenne-Pueblo, 200; Seattle-Victoria, 78; New Orleans-Pilotown, 80; New York-Atlanta, 744; and Detroit-Grand Rapids, 140 miles.

The routes not yet in operation, but on which the Post Office has invited bids, are those between Cleveland and Pittsburgh; Atlanta-Miami; Cleveland-Louisville; Albany-Cleveland; Dallas-Galveston; Dallas-San Antonio; and Key West-Havana. The new rate of 10 cents per half ounce, which replaces

the zoning system, is expected to bring about a marked increase in the use of the Air Mail.

Once the transcontinental route has been turned over to the successful bidders, the Air Mail field equipment and buildings at Cleveland, Chicago, Iowa City, North Platte, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, and Elko will be transferred to the various municipalities. There are 18 regular and fully equipped landing fields in this stretch of 2069 miles (New York to San Francisco) and 92 emergency landing fields, with caretakers in charge. Delivery time between the Atlantic and Pacific has been reduced from 100 hours by rail to 30 by airplane. When the entire transcontinental route is lighted, the schedule can be arranged to permit the departure from both New York and San Francisco after the close of the business day, instead of in the morning, as at present, with the loss of but one business day between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The lighted airway will be taken over and operated by the Department of Commerce for the benefit of commercial aviation generally.

The Government Air Mail Service, as such, will soon pass into history. The pilots will have the choice of becoming individual employees of the commercial air transport companies or starting out on their own. Heretofore they have been the highest paid aviators in the world. One or two of them, in fact, are said to have earned as much as \$12,000 a year, although they are, of course, exceptions.

The basic pay of the Government Air Mail pilot, when he enters the service, is \$2800 a year, and this is increased \$100 for every 500 hours in the air until the maximum of \$3800 is reached. In addition to this pay, the pilot receives 5 cents a mile for daytime flying and 10 cents a mile for night flying. Thus one of them who flies 200 miles a night, for example, may earn three or four times his base pay. And he *earns* it; make no mistake about that. For what is called extra-hazardous flying, such as that over mountain ranges, the pilot receives 7 cents a mile for day flying, and exactly double that for night flying. It was in this region that a severe and long continued blizzard blocked roads, stalled trains and automobiles, and broke

electric power wires and telephone lines with an accumulation of snow and sleet last February. In the newspaper dispatches of those hectic days occurred, on more than one occasion, this significant line: "Only the Air Mail planes came through."

Some of the Air Mail pilots now in active service have flown a distance equivalent to 15 or 16 times around the world. At least 12 pilots have flown more than 350,000 miles. The outstanding performance among government pilots last year was that of Shirley J. Short, who flew 71,000 miles,—32,000 at night—in all sorts of weather, without serious mishap. Maurice Graham, flying between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, has flown 125,000 miles in 13 months without once being late on the 589-mile route, which lies over deserts and mountains. In all that time he was never forced down by engine trouble, nor did he fail to make a scheduled trip, no matter what the weather conditions happened to be.

It is usually the weather that complicates matters in the Air Mail Service, particularly in the Rocky Mountain region. There have been so many forced landings in the Bad Lands district between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs, Wyo., for example, that a rifle, snowshoes, emergency rations, cooking apparatus, and tools now form part of each pilot's equipment. Thick and impenetrable fog is frequently experienced in this locality, while the wind sometimes blows with hurricane force, sometimes actually compelling a plane to "stand still" in the sky. But Air Mail pilots consider negotiation of this difficult stretch merely a part of the day's work.

The air mail pilots are a modest, efficient, hardy, intrepid, expert, and altogether likeable group of young men. The next few weeks will witness their passing, but there is every reason to believe that those who join the flying forces of the air transport companies will continue to live up to the motto from Herodotus which appears on the New York Post Office: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the completion of their appointed rounds."

Blame the Sunspots!

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (August 6, '27)

William G. Shepherd

THE astronomer had let me see the sunspots that have recently become notorious through the newspapers.

"How large are they?" I asked.

"Oh, one is perhaps 60,000 miles in diameter; the other about 40,000. You could drop seven of our earths, like pebbles, into that big storm area, or five into the smaller. Sunspots are cyclones, tornadoes! See those white flashes that come and go?"

I saw long, slender pulsing streaks of intense light. They must have been hundreds of thousands of miles long.

"Flames of some sort," said the professor. "We always see them with sunspots."

There was "something doing" up there, 93 million miles away. Within the past half century students of the sun have discovered that about once every 11 years there are special activities on the sun. Then these storms on the sun known as sunspots increase in number and size. Although they're as old as Galileo's discovery of them with his first telescope in the year 1610, it is only in recent decades that scientists have studied them intensively. Now, throughout the entire range of astronomical science, men are asking, "What do these sunspots, with their 11-year average peaks, mean to us on earth?"

"The heat of the surface of the sun is 6000 degrees centigrade," explained the professor, "but the heat in the sunspots is 5000 degrees." That means a falling off in heat at certain points on Earth's stove of, say, 20 percent. Such a change in degree of heat is bound to affect the earth in some manner—scientists are trying to discover how.

Next year is expected to be the peak of an 11-year period. Sunspots are growing in number and size during the

present year. The highest intensity of sunspot activity is due, judging by past averages, within the next 12 months.

There are excellent charts of sunspots, running back to the 18th century. A zigzag line across these charts, dipping low or rising into peaks, shows how sunspots have varied from week to week during recent decades. Dr. C. G. Abbot, solar-heat expert at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, is one of the world's recognized authorities on this subject. He has compared his charts with those of other scientists who are students of natural phenomena.

L.W. Austin of the Bureau of Standards kept a daily DAYTIME record for five years of the strength of distant radio signals; his zigzag line dipped low when signals were weak and rose to a peak when they were strong. Dr. Abbot compared charts with him. Their zigzag lines or curves ran about parallel. They showed: the more sunspots the better the radio reception! However, Dr. Austin's NIGHTTIME radio records covered less than one year. These seemed to show that while sunspots help daytime RECEPTION they serve to hinder nighttime SENDING.

Weather curves also follow sunspot curves in a general way. The climate of the world IS different during the height of sunspots. Several noted physicists have prepared charts which, according to Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, "clearly show that the earth's temperature rises when the sunspots are few, and vice versa."

Professor Huntington declares: "Various investigators, especially Koppen, and the famous astronomer Simon Newcomb, have found unmistakable evidence of a world-wide variation in temperature in harmony with the sunspot cycle. The million observations

which Koppen summarizes show beyond question that during the past century the earth was relatively warm during periods of sunspot minima and cool in time of maxima."

The rings in trees, which show the trees' annual growth, prove how sunspots affect weather. Andrew Douglass, eminent astronomer in the University of Arizona, has made tree rings his life study. He is so expert, it is said, that in analyzing any certain tree ring he is usually able to designate the year of its growth and describe the weather of that year, much as a French wine taster can name and describe the various vintages of old wines, with the sort of weather that probably produced them. His charts of tree rings parallel the charts of sunspots, running back for over 100 years. **THE RINGS OF SUNSPOT PEAK YEARS WERE ALWAYS SMALLER THAN OTHERS.**

What does all this mean to you and me? For the past two years the weather has been playing funny freaks in every part of the United States. Here's the Red Cross statement, made at the end of last year: "Nature has been on a rampage. Never in the history of the American Red Cross has there been recorded a disaster period to compare with the year 1926. Nearly 60 catastrophes occurred in this country, and 17 foreign countries suffered disasters serious enough to call for help from the American Red Cross.

"Two months, September and October, witnessed an unparalleled outburst of Nature's wrath. During that period the Florida hurricane, the worst disaster in the annals of Red Cross disaster relief since the San Francisco earthquake and fire [Note—the recent Mississippi flood exceeded the Florida disaster not in loss of life but in property damage]; the Illinois River flood; the Kansas flood; the Iowa flood; floods in Oklahoma; a tornado in Sandusky, Ohio; the Cuban hurricane, as destructive as the Florida storm; a flood in Mexico and hurricanes in the West Indies. Nearly a half dozen of these, in an ordinary year, would be classed as major disasters of a pretty serious sort.

"During October Red Cross relief workers were caring for disaster victims

in eight different communities and more than 24,000 homeless families were under the care of the nation's official relief agency."

The nearer 1926 came to its close the more violent became the moods of nature. There had been severe summer tornadoes in Arkansas and Mississippi, killing a few persons, but a cyclone almost utterly destroyed Shadyside, Ohio, August 14th, and was followed by a hurricane which, 13 days later, killed 25 persons in Louisiana. The great Florida tornado was only 21 days in the future. Florida had never previously been struck by one of the Caribbean catastrophic storms, according to insurance records.

The insurance companies are now studying the sunspot peak theory of 11th-year weather crises, and have raised their rates 100 percent for Florida. The time may come when, with a closer knowledge of sunspots and their effect on storms, the companies may adjust their tornado premiums to the sunspot intensity cycles.

As for the rest of the world, Professor Huntington said of its 1926 weather: "Japan, India, the Azores, Columbia, Paraguay and Mexico all experienced terrific cyclonic storms which caused great devastation."

Furthermore, February, March and April in 1926 brought unseasonably cold weather. This "sent the death rate far above the normal," says Professor Huntington. "In the United States, as a whole, the number of deaths during those months in 1926 was approximately 70,000 more than the normal."

The long, cold, wet spring of 1927, with its ever-growing number of sunspots, has had weather catastrophes that are only too fresh in our minds.

Mark Twain, back in the days before our daily weather forecasts and before scientists studied sunspots, said: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it." Today we DO something about it. We try to read it. It's the unexpected in nature that raises havoc with mankind. Sunspots mean something, and what that something is scientists will one day discover.

Dulling the Scythes of Azrael

Condensed from the Century Magazine (August, '27)

Edward Alsworth Ross

ISOLATED races living under primitive conditions enjoy good health.

The first explorers of Australia found aborigines to whom smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, yellow fever, epidemic cholera, syphilis and leprosy were unknown. The Eskimos were "uncommonly healthy." The North American Indians were remarkably free from disease before the whites infected them. The fate of the splendid island races of the South Seas is well known.

The most ancient centers of deadly infectious diseases are in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Hwang-ho; and just here it was that men began to live in walled cities of an over-crowding and filthiness no one can imagine till he has visited the East.

Each of the great scourges is under attack by science. Mark the tide of battle on various fronts.

Typhoid. Known since 1880 to be bacterial, this pest is now in utter rout. One of the methods of attack is preventive hygiene, for there is little typhoid where foods and drinks are uncontaminated. The other is anti-typhoid inoculation. Thanks to inoculation in the British Army, there was less typhoid among the million and a quarter troops on the Western Front than among the 208,000 British troops engaged in the Boer War. Among the American troops in the Spanish-American War typhoid was over 200 times as prevalent as in the recent American Expeditionary Force overseas, made up of inoculated men. In view of the fact that, while in 1900 it stood eighth in the list of killers in the United States Registration Area with a toll of 31.3 per 100,000 population, and in 1924 ranked 19th with only 6.7 deaths per 100,000 population, it seems safe to predict that we are about done with typhoid.

Diphtheria. The germ of diphtheria was isolated in 1883 and in 1895 the general

use of Behring's treatment began. In 1900, this disease had a death-rate of 43.3 per 100,000 in our Registration Area. In 1925 the rate was 7.8 and rapidly dropping. It is believed that the early and universal inoculation of infants will utterly annihilate this scourge of childhood.

Tuberculosis. From being our arch killer in 1900 it has sunk to fifth place, while in a decade the average age of its victims has been pushed up six years. Though no serum has yet been found, mortality has been cut 58 percent in 25 years. Each year 100,000 fewer persons in the United States die than would have died if the death-rate of two decades ago still went on.

Malaria. Sir Ronald Ross has estimated that one-third of the population throughout the tropics suffers from this disease every year. Formerly the best sanitary experts used to believe it was caused by decaying vegetation in swamps. Since 1901 malaria is known to be produced by an animal parasite conveyed only by the bite of an infected female *anopheles* mosquito. Destroy the mosquito or prevent it from becoming infected by biting the sick and there will be no malaria. The marvelous success of this policy in conquering the disease in the Canal Zone, in the Roman Campagna, in the Malay States is a seven-days wonder. In a quarter of a century we have cut our malaria to a fourth.

No life-saving exploit matches our success in throttling those pestilences which, since men took to cities, have swept through populations like a typhoon. Already most of the furies are chained. And the prospect is bright that within a lifetime all the chief mass-slayers will be laid low. Behold how dulled are the scythes of these grim reapers.

Asiatic Cholera. Our growing mastery of the disease may be read in the figures

of deaths from cholera in New York City during successive decades since 1830. They are: 4486, 5095, 3025, 1304, 16, 0, 9, 0. The chief means of prevention is strict cleanliness along with the extermination of flies. Although occasionally nowadays a case appears in an Occidental seaport, prompt isolation of the patient prevents further trouble.

Typhus. This disease preys upon men living closely together in uncleanness, and hence its aliases, "jail fever," "ship fever," "camp fever." It was the terror of the Napoleonic campaigns and the scourge of the armies in the Crimea. During the World War more than a million cases occurred among the Allied troops, mainly on the Eastern fronts. In 1908 it was shown by the French bacteriologist Nicolle that the germ of typhus is conveyed by vermin. Thanks to vigorous anti-louse tactics, the American Expeditionary Force was virtually free from typhus. In 1923 only two deaths from typhus were reported in the United States.

Yellow Fever. This scourge was probably brought from the West Coast of Africa in the slave ships, and has found a foothold in the United States about 90 times. In 1793 it slew a tenth of the people of Philadelphia, while in 1853 it carried away 8,000 in New Orleans. In 1899 it was discovered that this disease is conveyed only by the bite of the female *stegomyia* mosquito. The story of the expulsion of yellow fever from Cuba, then from the Canal Zone, then from the Caribbean, finally even from the Western Hemisphere, is the best known romance in the history of medicine. It is now being pursued to its last fortress, West Africa.

The bubonic plague. Forty-one epidemics of this "black death" are recorded as having occurred before the Christian era. During the first 15 centuries of this era there are records of 109 epidemics of it. In the middle of the 14th century it wiped out at least a quarter of the people of Europe. Within a period of 14 months it killed half the people of England and never left the island until 1679. Since the 17th century Western Europe has been

virtually free from it, though Turkey and South Russia were ravaged by it in the 19th century. The plague haunts the crowded East, and in 1923 there were nearly 400,000 deaths, nine-tenths of them in India. Our growing defiance of the disease springs from the discovery that a flea which infests rodents carries it. No rodents, no plague. So with rat-poison, concrete construction and squirrel guns it is now possible to hold the pest at arm's length.

Dr. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, has said: "The presence of smallpox is now a disgrace to any civilized community or country; cholera and plague have disappeared from the leading nations; typhoid fever has been enormously reduced; malaria and hookworm disease are giving ground; yellow fever is narrowly restricted; typhus is practically unknown among cleanly people; the fear of diphtheria has been largely allayed. Such victories, together with advances in sanitation, living standards, and individual health habits, have resulted in steadily falling death rates in progressive countries."

Whooping-cough, scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria have all been cut to less than a quarter, and there are now 13 peoples that get more than nine-tenths of their babies through the first year. Australia has cut its infant mortality nearly one-half, and New Zealand holds the world's record for good mothering, since she loses in the first year but one baby in 25! Product of brains, heart, and team-work, this record is entitled to rank among the "wonders of the world!"

In view of all these miraculous rescues and deliverances, how can we justify ourselves in producing children at the old rate? Do we dare to breed as of old, now that mortality among enlightened peoples has been halved in a lifetime?—now that the death rate has fallen faster than the birth rate? Our world is like a great boat, touching at every landing along a great river. How if at every landing only about half as many leave as get on? Soon either people must be thrust off the boat, or else fewer may be allowed to embark. Other alternative there is none.

Strange Habits of Moths and Butterflies

Excerpts from The National Geographic Magazine (July, '27)

William Joseph Showalter

BOOTH moths and butterflies employ marvelously the arts of camouflage to deceive their enemies. Some of them in the caterpillar stage dress up in stinging hairs that make them unattractive to birds; others possess sharp, acrid flavors that are not pleasing to a bird's palate. Many are ornamented to resemble the leaves among which they live, striped to simulate the pine needles on which they feed or the grass on which they dwell, or colored to match the ground on which they crawl, many of them being unbelievably hard to see in their accustomed surroundings.

Camouflage is often practiced in a peculiar way. For example, the colorful Viceroy butterfly copies the Monarch to perfection. Now, the Monarch happens to be a very distasteful creature to a bird because of its acrid blood; but a Viceroy makes a delightful tidbit. The bird, because of wider experience with the Monarch, usually lets the similarly colored Viceroy severely alone. This theory was tested on a monkey, who was given a Monarch to eat; he threw it aside in disgust. Next he was given a Viceroy, and as promptly he cast it aside. Then another Viceroy was offered, this time with the wings pulled off. It was eaten with evident relish.

Many other bird-relished species follow the practice of the Viceroy and imitate acrid varieties, thereby obtaining protection.

Even the gay colorings of our gaudiest butterflies and moths are now thought by leading authorities to be protective, it being asserted that a woodpecker often loses a meal because disappearing brilliancy causes him to lose track of his quarry. As he chases a showy butterfly, his eye is full of the bright color, but

when the insect alights it folds its wings above its back and, presto, the bright color disappears! Instead, it shows the drab hue of the underwing, harmonizing with its surroundings.

In the Dead-leaf Butterfly this scheme is strikingly carried out. The underwing surface bears a remarkable resemblance to a leaf. It even has a hind-wing projection which looks like the stem of a leaf, and a mark running across the wing appears to be a midrib. Perched on a twig, with closed wings, it perfectly simulates a dead leaf, but with outspread wings it is brilliant bait for a bird.

In the case of the moths, which rest with folded wings instead of upright ones, as do the butterflies, the brilliant color is on the rear wing, which is covered up by the somber forewing when the insect is at rest.

In collecting moths, one discovers that those which live among the birches usually have a coloration approximating the tones of birch bark, while those which are found usually on the trunks of maple trees show color schemes that make their visibility low.

But the beelike moths carry the art of camouflage even further than mere passive color protection. If captured or disturbed, they act exactly like the bees they simulate, give off the familiar bee odor, and even pretend to sting, in spite of the fact that they have no stinging apparatus.

The caterpillars employ many of the arts of camouflage used by the adult butterflies and moths. The measuring worms, larvae of the Geometrid moths, simulate in color and general appearance the twigs on which they rest. Disturbed,

they stand on their hind legs and look for all the world like small projecting shoots.

Many species of caterpillars protect themselves from their enemies by assuming a terrifying aspect. For example, the caterpillar of the Tiger Swallow-tail simulates a serpent. The rings of the body just back of the head are swollen, and on top of this protuberance are two large circular marks suggesting eyes. When at rest the creature withdraws its real head and throws up the front part of its body, so that it resembles a snake's head—an impression made doubly effective as it pushes out its curious scent organ, which looks like a forked tongue. Birds have been observed to retreat in alarm as they suddenly came upon one of these menacing-looking, though harmless creatures.

The Puss Moth has a caterpillar with a similar fearsome aspect, and when disturbed it displays a kind of forked tail, within which are concealed long orange-colored extensible threads that can be thrust out and waved viciously. Many other harmless species wear ugly horns, and even intelligent people cannot be induced to touch them.

Most of the Swallow-tail butterflies' caterpillars exude foul odors when disturbed, "the polecats of the insect world."

Even in the cocoons of some moths and the chrysalis cases of some butterflies, protective devices are employed. The Southern Live-oak Moth has a cocoon that very closely resembles a live-oak terminal bud, especially as both twigs and cocoons are covered with small bits of lichen.....

The chances of a butterfly's egg producing a live caterpillar are surprisingly small. Ants and spiders regard these eggs as a great delicacy, and a whole group of tiny insects of the fly and bee orders insert their eggs into those of the butterflies. Parasites are always on the job to convert the butterfly's egg into a nursery for their own young.

Parasites are the bane of the caterpillars as well as of the eggs. All sorts of fly and bee order insects hover around

watching for a chance to plant an egg on their bodies. A surprisingly large percentage of them must play unwilling host to the larvae of these foes. When the parasites' eggs hatch, their little grubs bore into the bodies of their hosts and find a fine food supply in the tissues. A single caterpillar may be unwilling host to a dozen parasites, and finally dies about the time the unwelcome guests are ready to pupate.

Closely related to our everyday apple tree tent caterpillar is the Pine Processionary of France, which Fabre proved to be at once the prize "bone head" and the blue ribbon weather forecaster of the insect world. These Processionaries live in tents. The whole tribe marches out, head to tail, single file, in quest of food. Each spins a life line to guide its footsteps back to the nest when its foraging is at an end.

The great French naturalist was able to get a foraging party of Processionary caterpillars on the rim of a huge lawn vase, and then to cut away the life line leading back to the nest. The caterpillars traveled around, came back to the point where the line was cut away, picked up the part they had laid around the vase, and marched around again.

All day long they kept following the line around and around. Night overtook them; they slept, but with the morrow's sun started marching around again. For seven days they marched around and around, and were able to find their way back to the nest on the eighth only when one wandering caterpillar, crawling out of the procession in desperation, staked out a highway which the footsore band later decided blindly to follow.

And yet, as a weather forecaster, the Pine Processionary is a marvel. It does not like to be caught out in a storm; so it always stays in its nest when storms are brewing. In its back are protuberances formed of soft, hairless membrane. Of infinite sensitivity, these are supposed to be the antennae which detect the meteorological waves that tell the caterpillar of approaching bad weather. Fabre reports that his caterpillars were better weather forecasters than his government's meteorological station.

Whence Came the Expression?

Excerpts from The Mentor

Selected from "Who, What, When and Why?" Department

WHY does the expression "palmy days" indicate prosperity?

In ancient Rome the victorious gladiator received a palm branch, together with much acclaim and public approval; hence, "palmy days" is expressive of happiness and prosperity.

What was the sword of Damocles?

The expression to be "under the sword of Damocles" signifies evil dreaded or foreboded. Damocles, a courtier of Dionysius the Elder, of Syracuse, continually harped on the luck and good fortune of the tyrant, and so was invited by the latter to taste of the good fortune that he envied to such a degree. Therefore, he was set down to a sumptuous banquet amid all the luxury of the ruler's surroundings—but over his head a sword dangled by a single hair. Damocles was afraid to move, lest he disturb the suspended weapon, and the danger that threatened mocked the surrounding magnificence.

Where did the term "Mrs. Grundy" originate as a synonym for proper, conventional people?

She was one of the characters in Thomas Morton's play "Speed the Plough," which enjoyed great success about 1800. Mrs. Ashfield and Mrs. Grundy were rivals, and the former had an exasperating habit of demanding, "What will Mrs. Grundy say" or "think?"

Why do the French sometimes allude to themselves as "Frogs"?

The heraldic device of the ancient kings of France contained three toads, or frogs. Hence Frenchmen—specifically Parisians—have been called "Frogs." "What do the Frogs (people of Paris) say?" was a frequent phrase at the court of Versailles during the days preceding the French Revolution.

From whence comes the expression "Mad as a March hare"?

Hares are unusually shy and wild in March, their mating season. The expression is also quoted, "mad as a marsh hare"; in the marshes hares are wilder because of the absence of hedges and other cover.

What is meant by "Benefit of Clergy"?

In most of the countries of Europe during the Middle Ages clergymen were exempted from punishment under civil law for whatever crimes they might commit; this exemption was called "Benefit of Clergy." In England, however, this impunity was not carried beyond exemption from the death penalty for felony and petty treason.

Why do we call an untrained person a "greenhorn"?

The expression originated in France during the reign of Louis XIV. A law was passed that compelled all bankrupt Hebrews to wear small pointed caps made of green cloth. This green cloth, the symbol of bankruptcy, warned people from doing business with the wearer. This custom prevailed for about 20 years, during which, if an insolvent Jew appeared in the streets without the cap, he was liable to be seized by his creditors and thrown into prison. The expression has been corrupted and now has a far-fetched meaning as we use it.

Where and what is Gretna Green?

Gretna Green is a village in Scotland, just over the English border, which was once a mecca for eloping couples. In Scotland all that is necessary to consummate a marriage is a mutual declaration of the parties to the contract, before witnesses, of their willingness to marry. At Gretna Green the ceremony usually has been performed by the blacksmith, but anyone at all can

officiate, and the toll house, the inn or Gretna Hall has been the scene of many a hasty wedding, romantically planned and carried out. In the year 1856, these runaway marriages were to a large degree halted when a law was passed which made it obligatory that at least one of the contracting parties should reside in Scotland three weeks previous to the event. Gretna Green marriages are notorious for requiring neither license, banns nor priest.

Why is the page of a book also called a "leaf"?

The reverse and obverse pages of a book are still called leaves because before the invention of paper the leaves of certain plants were used to write upon. The term "folio" is derived from the root *folium*, a leaf. There are still extant many old manuscripts written on palm or other leaves.

Why is Benito Mussolini called "Il Duce", and what is the origin of the word Fascisti?

Duce (pronounced doo-dsche) means duke, leader or commander. Mussolini is commander of the Fascisti. The old Roman emblem of official authority was a bundle of elm or birch rods from which the head of an ax projected, bound together by a red strap; this was known as the "fasces." The emblem has been adopted by a post-war political party in Italy, for which reason it is known as the "Fascisti." The old Roman salute, raising the hand, palm out, in greeting, has also been adopted by this now powerful party.

What is the origin of the adage, "There is no royal road to learning"?

Euclid, "the Father of Mathematics," born at Alexandria about 500 B. C., replied in these words when asked by a pupil whether geometry could not be made easier.

Who were Damon and Pythias?

Damon and Pythias were two young citizens of the Greek city of Syracuse, living in the fourth century B. C. Theirs was one of the great friendships of history. They were both followers of the sect founded by the philosopher Pythagoras. Pythias plotted against the life of Dionysius I of Syracuse and was condemned to die. As Pythias

wished to put his affairs in order before he died, Damon his friend offered himself as a substitute during his absence, and to die in his stead should the former fail to return at the time appointed. Pythias was delayed, but returned at the last moment, and Dionysius, struck by the amazing fidelity of the friends to each other, pardoned the offender and entered into their fellowship.

Who was it that said: "It is best not to swap horses in the middle of a river"?

Abraham Lincoln in a reply to the National Union League, on June 9, 1864, having been urged to make changes in the high circles of military authority, replied: "It is best not to swap horses while crossing the river."

How did Samuel Clemens get the pen name "Mark Twain"?

He chose the words from his river experience: a leadman's call, signifying two fathoms (12 feet). He said: "It was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water."

What is the origin of the word "Machiavellian"?

The dictionary makes an adjective of the name Machiavelli, meaning an iniquitous monster, a colossus of evil planning. The man in the street understands the phrase, "a Machiavellian plan." He would laugh if you used it to express pure devotion to country, love of liberty, zeal for virtue.

Yet contemporaries of the Italian patriot and diplomatist praised the high purpose that governed all he did, although it was admitted that many of his theories about government and war were brutal. His motives were indisputably honest, no matter what means he advocated to bring about what he labored for—the independence of his motherland. He wrote, "Experience has proved that the princes who have achieved great deeds are those who have known how to bewilder men's brains by cunning, and in the end have succeeded better than those whose actions have been ruled by honor." He was the first advocate of national military organization to replace the mercenary military service in vogue during the 13th century

Legality, Life, and Loot

Condensed from The Independent (July 30, '27)

Margaret Lathrop Law

VARIED as the hues of the rainbow are the knotty problems of the insurance lawyer. The amazing *dénouement* is often staged in the court room where, upon some hairsplitting of legal terminology, hangs the payment of thousands of dollars. With jurymen and jurywomen, according to their moods and whims, rests the final decree.

The appealing little widow who droops like a wilted flower, and leads in five woebegone children, has the jury at her mercy. The children may be borrowed for the occasion. The insurance lawyer may know this yet be unable to prove it in court. Every jury, especially in the South and West, is prejudiced in favor of a widow. The sight of the "late bereaved" in battle against a large corporation rouses jurors to the belief that laws are created solely for merciless, money-making corporations. The little widow and her lawyers know that all she has to do is to sit tight and follow the scriptural injunction, "Ask and ye shall receive." The gum-chewing chauffeur or butcher may not look like a knight-errant, but he is ever ready to slay the big corporation in behalf of the lady fair.

"Trial by jury," insist the insurance companies' lawyers bitterly, "is an anachronism, an absurd hang-over from Magna Charta days when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors desperately needed it for protection against a merciless nobility. Now it is only a means of mulcting great companies of damages. Power of decision is in the hands of illiterate foreigners and ignorant laborers

"No less interesting than juries' reactions to widows is their attitude in accident cases."

Some insurance policies in cases of accidental death double the amount payable. Hence the burning issue often

becomes: "How, when, and why was death accidental?" The United States Supreme Court defines an accident as "an event which takes place without the foresight or expectation of the person acted upon or affected," and death is considered accidental if "in the act which precedes the injury something unforeseen, unexpected or unusual occurs which produces the injury that leads to death." Legally the rub comes when death is caused by a combination of accident and disease: which is then the proximate cause? For example, a zealous angler falls into a cold lake. He delays changing his wet clothing, catches cold, and dies of pneumonia. Was the accident or the disease the cause of his death? Suppose a *danseuse* on her opening night has shoes which rub her feet quite raw, but in the excitement she ignores the condition, and picks up a germ which finally leads to blood poisoning and death. Is this accidental?

At a recent dinner where the flowing bowl had flowed too freely, one man said to another: "I'll bet that I can shoot through the lobe of your ear without touching you anywhere else." The friend took up the bet, was shot and killed—accidental? The courts decreed otherwise.

A man is legally responsible for everything he does while drunk, however lenient his friends may be. If an intoxicated man falls off a balcony and dies, that is suicide, though if he does the same thing in the delirium of fever, his death is accidental.

Not only "What is an accident?" but "What is a lie?" must often be determined. Pink, white, or black, a lie is a lie legally, even if it is a woman's time-old lie about her age. And willful withholding of the truth is as much a lie as

deliberate misrepresentation, whether this be refusal to let the family skeleton of insanity or tuberculosis walk, or a secret plan to fight a duel. Recently a man passed a perfect medical examination and five days later was killed in a concealed duel. Another man classed former insanity as a slight nervous breakdown, and soon after died in a fit of violent insanity. The policies, in these cases, were considered nullified.

Another all-important question is: "When can a man be considered dead?"

The ports of missing men are many, and their methods of disappearance are numerous. To concoct a "get away" which looks like death is not easy. Numerous are the charred bones which are found eventually to belong to anything from the neighboring farmer's old horse to the neighboring doctor's office skeleton. Many are the hats found floating pitifully below the dam while the owner floats elsewhere on a bed of ease.

But the arm of justice is mercilessly long. A disappearer who came back after 20 years was detected and the insurance, which had been paid, was recovered by legal decision. Another time a microscopic bit of wire in the debris led to a sequence which proved the skeleton not to be that of the criminal who was concocting a fictitious death—the wire fitted into the little-finger bone of a borrowed skeleton.

The difficulty which confronts the insurance lawyer in connection with suicide is that the law demands that every reasonable presumption be eliminated before suicide can be inferred. Naturally, this is almost impossible to prove before a jury.

Disappearance cases are legally more easily handled than suicide. For the law provides that a man shall after seven years be presumed dead if when he left there were no unfavorable circumstances which would give him an impelling motive not to return.

In these days, increasingly numerous divorces and remarriages complicate the insurance lawyer's work. Suppose that Jim Jones in making his policy payable to his wife Mary says "payable to my

wife," but does not mention her name. That, in case of divorce and remarriage on his part, will be considered to mean the woman who at the time of his death is his wife. If, on the other hand, he says "payable to Mary, my wife," he legally uses the term wife simply in a descriptive way, and the policy is irrevocably and eternally payable to Mary. If the policy reads only "my wife," unless Jim remembers to make a change in the beneficiary after the divorce, Mary will get nothing even though Mary is a poor wronged creature with Jim's children to support.

Particularly shocking to public sentiment was a recently headlined case which aroused national discussion. A beautiful and unscrupulous woman, finding her husband in the arms of another, saw red, drew a pistol in her fury and fatally shot them both. What of the insurance money? There is a maxim of the law which says one cannot profit by a wrongful act, so being the beneficiary, this beautiful young woman could never have collected the insurance money without being acquitted; that is, without acknowledgment that, in the eyes of the law, she had not killed her husband. Hence, her testimony on the stand was that when she opened the door and saw her husband and the other woman she lost consciousness in the sense that her mind went blank and she remembered nothing further. She was promptly acquitted by a sympathetic jury. Here the case goes from bad to worse. The victim's insurance policy carried the double indemnity feature providing for payment of twice its face value in case of death by accident. Inasmuch as she had been legally acquitted and therefore had not murdered her husband, she made her preposterous claim that he died by accident and the courts forced the company to pay double indemnity. So by an ironic quip of fortune she enjoyed the insurance money of the husband she had shot, along with offers to grace both stage and screen!

So from day to day, the strange and grisly game continues to be played with zeal by the opposing forces; here in tragedy and comedy is found the triangle of life, legality, and loot.

Debate on Birth Control—4

Condensed from The Forum (July, '27)

John Augustine Ryan

AM requested to base my argument upon the "health and welfare of the human race." As regards health, probably the only generalization at present warranted is that some contraceptive methods are certainly injurious both to the nervous system and the tissues, while others have not yet proved notably harmful.

Human welfare demands self-respect and mutual respect in married couples. Both are lowered by contraceptive practices. Conjugal intercourse is perverted from a noble cooperation with the Creator into an ignoble means of sensual gratification. The calculation and artifice involved cannot but diminish conjugal reverence, and probably no normal husband or wife ever entered upon this way without moral shock, or continued on it without moral deterioration.

Advocates of birth control profess to aim at "quality rather than quantity." Yet the practice is adopted mainly for the purpose of satisfying material wants and reducing hardship to a minimum. All experience shows that capacity for sacrifice is a necessary condition of achievement. The power to do is conditioned on the power to do without. Husbands and wives who ignore this law gradually diminish their own capacity for endurance and sustained effort and withhold adequate training in these capacities from their children. Such an environment fosters selfishness, laziness, flabbiness of will, and mediocrity of intellect.

Professor Warren S. Thompson said in this regard:

"Nature shows clearly that she prefers the lower classes who reproduce more or less instinctively. We may say that

they have not risen above the level of instinctive reactions; that they bear the burden of the future in the rearing of children only because they do not know how to avoid it. But they survive and the future belongs to them.

"People who wish to play so prominent a part in the affairs of their day that they do not find time for family and children, who are unwilling to partake in the hardships of the common lot, are doomed to extinction. Those who can make the combination of satisfying their ambition and raising a fair-sized family will survive. Whether civilization will become Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic, or Gallic, hardly need concern us. The people who do survive and carry on will probably develop a civilization which will suit them better than ours. If it rests on the virtues of family and communal life it will probably displace ours, and thereby prove its fitness."

In order to prevent a decline in numbers a group of human beings must produce an average of about three and three-fifths children per marriage. No birth control group averages as many as three and no such group ever will reach that average. That such groups will come in time to have larger families just to "fulfill their responsibilities to the race", is about as foolish and futile a hope as ever found lodgment in the human brain. The Birth Control Conference, held in New York City in 1925, resolved "that persons whose progeny give promise of being of decided value to the community should be encouraged to bear as large families, properly spaced, as they feasibly can." What is meant by "decided value," "properly spaced," "feasibly"? None of these fundamental questions was answered by the Conference. No proposition in the field of social psy-

chology is more certain than this: when the use of contraceptives becomes general among all the classes of a nation, that nation will have committed itself to a continuous decline in population. I do not think this condition will promote the welfare or happiness of the race.

The advocates of birth control fail to consider this ultimate and inevitable outcome of their propaganda. Ignoring the pronounced decline in the rate of population increase throughout the Western world in the last 40 years, they talk fatuously about the dangers of over-population. At the conference mentioned above, Professor Fairchild declared that the world's population had doubled since the beginning of the 19th century and deplored the results of an equal rate of increase in the next century and a quarter. He shut his eyes to such facts as the restriction of immigration to the United States, the decline in the average number of children in middle-class families in the Middle West from 5.4 in the last generation to 3.3 in the present generation, and the failure of all urban families to average as many as four children. Like all the other birth control advocates, he was flagrantly unscientific.

Equally unscientific is the argument that the declining birth rate is being offset by a declining death rate. It is true that the death rate has declined, but the vitally important facts are these: The death rate has not been lowered so fast as the birth rate. No low birth rate country shows so high a rate of net increase in population as it showed before the birth rate began to decline; and the countries with fairly high birth rates are increasing faster in population than the countries with low birth rates.

One argument for birth control stresses the welfare of the working classes. Let them keep their families small, restrict the labor supply, and force up wages. It is a delightfully simple remedy, but it is also superficial and unjust; for although the productive resources of the United States are ample to support all classes in reasonable comfort, the advocates of birth control would deprive the working people of the right to normal family

life. Because the working classes persist in having large families, they are responsible for their own poverty,—a very comforting doctrine for those who seek to shift the guilt of industrial injustice from their own shoulders!

Against contraception the Catholic Church speaks without hesitation and with logical consistency. She stigmatizes it as a perversion of nature (not merely as "unnatural"), an abuse of function, a frustration of faculty. The faculty is so used that it cannot attain its primary end; it is compelled to defeat itself. This is an inherent contradiction and makes the act intrinsically wrong. To be sure the argument is metaphysical. It will not persuade those who identify morality with short-sighted utility. The proposition that frustrative use of the sex faculty is intrinsically immoral, can no more be proved than that two plus two equals four.

To those who cannot accept this proposition as self-evident, I would suggest this question: Is it not confirmed by the facts of experience? Contraceptive practices invariably increase the sum total of human selfishness, decrease the capacity to endure and to achieve, and cause a decline in numbers. While high-minded believers in birth control may denounce it as a wrong when adopted for the sake of ease, their denunciation is futile. Once men and women reject the principle that contraception is bad in itself and always bad, once they adopt the opinion that it is good in the presence of hard circumstances, they claim the right to decide for themselves when the circumstances are sufficiently hard.

Hence, the intrinsic principle is the only one that is comprehensive and effective. It covers every case and is vindicated by results. The intuition upon which it rests seems to be the agency established by nature and nature's God for averting the individual and social evils which come upon every group that practices birth control. The intuition which pronounces the practice wrong tells men immediately what they can otherwise learn only by wide and disastrous experience.

The Sun Dance

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (August, '27)

Buffalo Child Long Lance

THE Indians about whom I am writing are the most primitive Red Men left in North America. They are the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegan, Crees and Sioux of the great plains just north of the Montana border. These Indians saw there first white man less than 50 years ago. Therefore their customs have not yet had time to be influenced by civilization. They still have their native clothing of white buckskin and eagle feathers, and the strange incantations of their Medicine Men. Many of these bands of Indians still make their living by hunting the animals of the forests as they did a thousand years ago, and all of them still cling to the tepee as their favored abode.

The famous Sun Dance is still preserved in all its intricate mysteries. The reason for its name is this: The Indian refers to his Supreme Diety as the Great Spirit, whom he recognizes as identical with the God whom the white man worships. But the Indian recognizes the Great Spirit in all things—the trees, the animals, the mountains. In other words, Nature is a part of God. Indians do not worship the Sun, as many believe. But they look upon the Sun as God's greatest physical manifestation, because the Sun is the cause of all life. Therefore they direct their prayers to the Great Spirit through the Sun.

The great movement of the Blackfoot nation to the scene of the Sun Dance begins before dawn on the eighth day of the buck moon—July 8th. For two days the prairies for miles around fairly tremble under the throbbing hoof-beats of their ponies—all headed for a high, flat eminence overlooking the Bow River 60 miles west of Medicine Hat. It is a thrilling sight. The tall Blackfoot braves, their faces painted, their buckskin clothing gayly beaded in many

colors, their eagle-feathered war-bonnets trailing on the winds, galloping across the plains, present a daunting spectacle.

The Sun Dance must be put on by a woman—a virgin woman, whose character must be spotless. She enters a large tepee next to the Sun Dance Lodge, and remains in there fasting, without any food whatever, for one week. Three attendants remain in the tepee with her until the end of her fast. They are her Partner, who must be an old man of the tribe who can testify as to her virgin character; and her Prayer, whose duty it is to pray for her continuously during the week's fast; and her Woman Companion, who must look after her physical needs. No other person is allowed to enter the tepee.

During this week the big camp is all noise and mystery. Tom-toms are beating everywhere, and mysterious chants and dances are being carried out day and night all over the big arena, where the various secret societies of the Blackfeet are grouped, performing their ancient rites.

The third day of the Sun Dance camp is Sunday, the white man's Sabbath. In honor of the white man's God and his Sabbath, the Blackfeet cease all dances and ceremonies on this day, and nothing goes on but the fasting of the Sun Dance Woman. They do this of their own accord, for there is no white person within many miles of this spot, and this consideration illustrates the devout religious nature with which the Indian is endowed.

On the sixth day, a deafening shout goes up from the entire tribe of 1000 persons as the sun reaches the meridian. This is the signal for the Sun Dance Woman to come out from her fasting seclusion and start the Sun Dance. As

she makes her way toward the assemblage, wan and weak from starvation, head bowed in prayer, she is at once the most pitiful-looking and spiritually the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

She is now the goddess of the day, the most honored person an Indian tribe produces. One by one the members of the tribe lay a sacrifice of clothing or blankets in front of her. These will be fastened to the top of the Sun Dance pole and left as an offering to the departed spirits. Then those who are to take part in the Sun Dance come forward and bow down in front of her. She draws a black line of paint around their faces and wrists, as a blessing from the purity of her body for those who are to go through the terrible tortures of this dance.

The fierce Dog Soldiers now form two lines facing each other, in front of the Sun Dance Lodge. Each has a long knife raised in his right hand. The Sun Dance Woman must pass three times beneath this deadly array of glittering steel. If at any time during these trips any one can shout out that she has lied, that she is not a virgin, the Dog Soldiers will pounce upon her and cut her to bits. The Lodge will be destroyed, and all ceremonies stopped, for she has lied before the Sun, and the dance has been defiled.

The Sun Dance Woman now takes the seat of honor in front of the Medicine Man, with all women who have previously put on Sun Dances sitting on either side of her. No woman has ever gone through the Sun Dance itself. The tortures of the Sun Dance, it is said, were not equaled by even the Spartans.

There are three main ideas behind the Sun Dance. Its principal mission is to "make braves." All young men must go through its tortures before they are eligible to go out on the war-path and fight the enemy. This is to prove their courage and make sure that they will never bring shame upon the tribe by showing as a coward in battle. A secondary class who take part in the tortures are those who have made vows during the year to go through the dance providing a given thing happens. A sick friend of such a person may be at the point of death, when that person will

look up at the Sun and make a vow to it that he will go through the Sun Dance if his friend recovers. And again, warriors who find themselves facing what appears to be certain death in battle will suddenly point to the Sun and "make the vow."

The third idea behind the Sun Dance is to thank the Great Spirit for giving the tribe good weather and hunting—a sort of Thanksgiving. Much praying is done. During the dance an old warrior will seize some young man and walk around and around the Lodge with his arm around him, shouting a prayer to the Sun, asking that this young man may live to be as old as he is; that he may always be brave, honorable, and courageous.

The young braves enter the Lodge, stripped down to a breech-cloth. Tom-toms are pounding away to the chant of the Sun Dance song. This song grows wilder and wilder, to inspire the young braves with courage. To that music a person would suffer almost any physical torture. One by one the young men walk up to the Medicine Man who, with a sharp knife cuts four deep gashes, two on each side of their chest. Into two of these gashes he inserts stout rawhide thongs, and running them through the flesh underneath, pulls them out of the other gashes and ties them fast. Then he ties the four ends of the thongs to a long rawhide thong running down from the top of the Sun Dance pole.

For hours the men dance and jerk upon the heavy thong running from the top of the pole into their flesh, and endeavor to tear loose the muscle and free themselves. Strangely enough, no permanent injury ever results from these wounds. The Medicine Man has his own way of healing them.

Eight years ago the Canadian government passed a law against the infliction of bodily tortures at the Sun Dance, and now to make their braves the Indians must retreat from the main Sun Dance camp to a hidden ravine—where the Mounted Police are not likely to come upon them. But as long as there are any Indians left who were in that country before the white man came, they will have the Sun Dance.

A Little Learning

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (August, '27)

Eudora Ramsay Richardson

THREE is simply no escaping child-study these days, for it has become the style. Carried on as it now is in our universities, it heralds a day when we shall better understand the early impressionable years. The ex-crescence of the movement, however, is deplorable. By some gradual percolating process even the rather ignorant young mother has learned to deal with her child in a manner quite different from that of her parents. Our children are happier than we were in our generation. But when we join a child-study group we are, I believe, in danger of distressing them—and ourselves.

In my city child-study began to take concrete form when a great pediatrician came to give a course on the proper feeding of children. Groping mothers came together then, and have never entirely disbanded. Most of our children were found to be underweight.

"How much should a child of three eat in a day?" quavered one little woman. "Two thousand calories," the great man replied. "Five hundred for breakfast: a cooked cereal with butter, sugar, and cream...."

"But my baby won't eat cooked cereals."

Whereupon horror was written upon the scholarly face of the physician. "It is for you to make your children do what is good for them," he said severely. "For such uses were mothers created."

Abashed we went our several ways. Our conversation, wherever we met, became entirely caloric. Nutrition classes were organized; charts were obtained. Children discussed their weights glibly and unpleasantly. Mothers, having counted, weighed, and measured all food, turned meals into orgies of entreaty and punishment. Husbands were seen more frequently at their clubs. Determined, we waged our relentless battle against the starving children. Until, one

day, our group brought to our city another speaker.

Speaker number two left new problems. But she suggested a way out of the situation created by her predecessor. To your children be indifferent—outwardly, of course—was her theme. Children are fundamentally histrionic. From the riot which their refusal of food causes, they derive an immense amount of egotistical satisfaction. When meals are no longer high drama, the hungry star will descend from the firmament and eat.

But the second lecturer went on to uproot the only disciplinary method we knew anything about. "Obedience is excellent for the comfort of parents and the training of soldiers," she declared. "Are you, however, rearing followers or leaders, discriminating human beings or automata? Obedience breeds mediocrity, dwarfs potentialities, crushes genius."

A wistful little woman at my side sobbed aloud, aghast at the possibility of having muted a Milton or consigned a Cromwell to oblivion. So the departing speaker left to us a heritage of domestic bedlam, rendered unbearable by comfort-loving male parents who held that children should "mind"—to hell with the consequences.

Rather too soon thereafter an aggressive young psychiatrist hurled us into the swirling waters of Freudian controversy. We found ourselves watching for sex manifestations in our children, brooding on the ancient taboo *ad nauseam*. Our daughters' preferences for their fathers and our sons' for us were viewed as throw-backs to the days when incest was the savage's greatest dread.

"What would you have me do?" one practical husband inquired. "Safeguard this dangerous tendency by being true

to my little girl?" His distracted wife wept on his shoulder. She didn't want that, of course, but couldn't, for the life of her, say what she did want.

Most of us hadn't the slightest idea that there was such a thing as sublimation.

Relief soon came, however, in the person of a great teacher whose optimism overrode all limitations imposed by facts.

"Has anyone in this group been infected by Freud?" she asked. Infected! The word was well-chosen. "He's a vile monster," she continued. "I wrote a book once disproving everything he said."

Profound was our gratitude. This lecturer turned out to be more feminist than psychologist. Mothers should be independent persons, following their natural bents. Children should be handled in groups, not by an overworked mother, but by adequately paid professionals. Hoping that we had found the balm of Gilead, we thrust even our three-year-olds into private kindergartens. But in the course of time a supposedly practical educator reversed these tenets.

"Motherhood is so wonderful a blessing," the new prophet expounded, "that every woman should experience it not once, but over and over. Lack of money should be no obstacle to a large family. Happy, successful people have been reared in huts where there was enough of nothing except love. Hire the housework done if you can, but look to the needs of your children yourselves."

As we listened, those who had been patronizing baby-gardens and trained helpers shuddered in remorseful anguish. Again we had erred. Was there any way of knowing the right—any way at all?

From error to error we have continued on our stumbling way, making no more progress than the man who rides all day on a merry-go-round. Too late we are learning that cheerful confidence and steadfast serenity are more important for a mother than the teachings of any cult. The speakers who have come have time merely to destroy the old structure and not to build a new. For instance, a

great educator tells us that he does not believe in discipline, but in an hour he cannot make an audience understand how he substitutes for it deep interest in some work.

A hundred ant-hills are turned into mountains, and we grovel between them in quite imaginary valleys of humiliation. The worst fate that can befall mothers is ours: we have lost faith in ourselves. Here are a few of the petty questions to which child-study groups have devoted time: whether a little child should be expected to wash his face unrequested, to dress, to straighten his own toys after he has played with them; whether he should be introduced to strangers, or allowed to enter a room unnoticed; the danger of the fairy-tale; the reasons for withholding certain playthings—all matters which will adjust themselves without discussion.

We need education for parenthood, no doubt, but we are not getting it through the child-study group. Scientific knowledge cannot be acquired by attending a few meetings and by reading a few poorly selected books. It seems to me that parent-training should be begun at least 15 years before it is needed. Schools have already incorporated into their curricula cookery, sewing and other subjects useful in housekeeping. But the altogether baffling profession of child rearing is scarcely mentioned during undergraduate years. So, naturally, young mothers, when it is too late, are groping for the thing euphemistically known as child-study.

Our situations, after all, are never hopeless. There is more efficacy in mother-love than the scoffers dream of; common sense, if unhampered by the jargon of the cults, is likely to develop; and enough self-confidence and serenity can be simulated, if not actually acquired. Those ancestresses of ours who didn't know a fixation from an inhibition, and whose tongues were not formed to speak the word *sex*, reared their children to a maturity of more or less usefulness. So, without the training we should have had and which we hope will be given to our children, we need not accept the failure complex—not yet at least.

New Modes of Chinese Marriage

Condensed from Asia (August, '27)

Pearl S. Buck

CHANGES have come about in China beside which the French Revolution is a mild affair. But nothing has altered more radically of late years than marriage. The time-honored custom by which marriageable young people are betrothed by parents early in childhood but do not see each other until the wedding-day is today prevalent chiefly in country districts and among old-fashioned families.

When traveling in northern Anhwei Province, where foot-binding is still customary, I expressed regret to one mother that she should bind her daughter's feet. She answered with a sigh: "True, true. But we cannot afford an education for both my son and this girl. If a girl has an education, she may marry a man who is educated in the new way, or she may even teach school and not marry at all. But, if she is not to be educated, her feet must be bound so that she can marry an old-style man. Else how will she get a husband? Men must have either learning or small feet in a woman. A big-footed woman without a new education would be a useless creature upon the earth." In other words, if a family is able to educate the girl, her betrothal may nowadays be postponed.

The whole tendency is toward greater freedom, not only in the betrothal but in the freedom of the woman to go about on the streets after marriage and in divorce when the marriage has proved unsuitable. There is, however, less freedom in concubinage. Although the taking of secondary wives is still legal, the sentiment of educated people is becoming increasingly strong against it. A man of the "student" class loses distinctly in social prestige if he has more than one wife.

September, 1927

The subject of love is vastly the most popular which my students in the University of Nanking choose to write about in their weekly themes. In a pile of typical papers before me, I find such titles as these: One Last Kiss, Shall I Marry?, Lovers, Love and the Maid, Modern Lovers, Love and Duty—and so many more. Much of this love interest is morbid, and all of it is very much too physical. Since women have been for the most part uneducated and unable to converse intelligently on anything except household affairs or love, the men have naturally come to think of them almost entirely in physical terms. All the more dangerous, then, is the sudden freedom, which allows a young man and woman to visit each other, to meet and talk, to go out on the streets together.

The Chinese student is neither more nor less moral than his fellows in other lands. His attitude toward the opposite sex is on the whole of franker interest in the physical simply because the whole matter of sex is dealt with in the Orient more practically and openly than in the Occident and with less prurient suggestion. He desires above all absolute freedom of choice. Almost without exception he wishes an educated wife. He is highly influenced by beauty but not exclusively so, as in the old days. He is so very inflammable, however, that, if a woman of the modern type makes advances, he can scarcely restrain his own ardor.

An interesting aspect of this new freedom in China is the literal equality of the sexes. A young man and woman exchange calls, both make appointments and write letters, the woman being free to begin the pursuit quite openly.

Indeed, we who boast of our sex equality abroad do not begin to understand it in the sense in which the completely emancipated do in China. With a naivete that at times is amusing, young men and women expect from each other equal ability, equal rights to their own points of view on all subjects.

One young man made a list of all the girls whom he considered at all eligible to marry and then proceeded to visit in the home of each for a few days to make observations. One by one he checked them off his list—this one for disobedience to her parents; that one for not keeping her hair neat; a third for laziness in getting to breakfast—until the decision lay between two girls. One day one of them was sent to a shop to buy rope. To the man's horror she returned with twice as much as necessary. He immediately scratched her name off and proposed to the last one. Five years later, he still congratulates himself on his wise method of selecting a bride.

Indeed, provided there is some freedom of choice and the young couple do not have to live with the man's parents, the chances are very good for a successful marriage. But, when an educated man, perhaps with a higher degree from a western university, has been betrothed or married by his parents, the outcome is often tragic. He must decide whether to accept the arrangement or risk his parents' displeasure and perhaps heartbreak by refusing to obey them. Should he refuse, his parents may perhaps persist and marry him by proxy. In that case he is as much legally married as if he had been present at the ceremony. When the betrothal is broken off, the brunt of the tragedy falls upon the woman, who, since she has been repudiated by her fiance, loses face and must marry into a lower social class.

If marriage has already taken place in early life and there are children, the problem is far more difficult. Sometimes, although the husband returns to his wife for the sake of satisfying his parents, he shuts himself mentally away into a separate existence. I think of one case. The husband is a brilliant scholar and teacher; the wife, a wholly uneducated woman. She unconsciously revealed the

tragedy to me when she said: "When my husband was abroad, I planned so much for this time when we should be together. You know, I wanted with all my heart to go to school before I was married but I was told that learning was unnecessary in a woman. Now my husband comes back full of wisdom and I know nothing. And, as he says, I am very stupid and too old to learn now. I am 22! But I cannot give up trying to learn a little. So I trouble my foreign friends. Will you tell me how to say in English, 'Sir, here is your morning tea'?"

Another man and woman, confronting this same problem, meet it quite differently. The man patiently teaches his wife to read Chinese three evenings a week, takes her with him to call on his foreign friends and explains to her carefully certain rules of behavior. She is bewildered, but she clings to him with a blind, devoted gratitude beautiful to see. "She is no more to blame than I for this situation," the man confided to me. "It is better to make it bearable for each other."

The third phase of student thought toward marriage is, curiously, almost a complete reaction in favor of the old type of Chinese woman. For the educated wives are not always the most docile lovers. One of my friends is in the quandary now. He came to me recently and said: "I should like to marry a college woman who would be mentally stimulating. But my friend married one, and, since they are poor and have no servants, he is compelled to rise in the morning and fetch water for her tea. She is imperious, and she says: 'I am educated. I need not work like a slave. If you cannot support me, I will leave you and support myself.' Now I do not wish to fetch water for my wife. I still believe she should fetch it, if not for me, at least for herself. Shall I marry for my mind or for my comfort? Please decide for me."

But I am unable to decide, and he is still single. And single he must remain, I am afraid, until he finds the perfect woman, who in the evening with fascinating intelligence will stimulate his mind and in the morning with sweet stupidity will fetch him his tea.

Fools and Their Money

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (August, '27)

Keyes Winter, Asst. Attorney General, New York State

IT is an ironic fact that Americans, shrewd in many ways, are almost universally the victims of some type of financial fraud. Bogus investments are marketed here with perhaps greater ease than anywhere else on the globe. Safety is the ever-present thought of the average small investor in other parts of the world, while taking a chance—the reverse of the safety principle—makes many an American the easy prey of the confidence man.

Most Americans are not content with what they have. They long to be well off; they worship the moneyed man. The cult of noble families, the aristocracy of landed estates, such powerful factors in the civilization of older communities have no place in our society. What kindles the imagination and emulation of Americans is the figure of the millionaire. And this desire to get rich quick without work, this passion to get something for nothing, seems to paralyze common caution and to destroy common sense.

More than the citizens of most countries, Americans are a newspaper-reading public. They acquire at least a headline acquaintance with new discoveries, inventions, enterprises. The investment crook trades upon this information. The presses are today likely printing millions of stock certificates in corporations holding holes in the ground near Weepah, the scene of the much-advertised recent gold strike. Tens of thousands of shares have been sold in worthless motion picture and radio companies. Fake "bargains" in Florida real estate were financial best sellers a year ago.

One is often reminded of the fortune that might have been amassed by any

person lucky enough to have bought a few shares of telephone stock, or of Ford motor stock, when these were new and unknown. What aspirants for unearned increment do not realize is that the public never is given the chance to invest in such genuine bonanzas. A salesman's promise that "you will double your money" is a plain indication that something is wrong. What man or organization with anything as good as that is passing it around?

There is no basis for the assumption that women are more "easy" than men. There seems to be no sex in suckers, and one of the strangest traits of the psychology of both men and women is their habit of coming back for more. "Once bitten, twice shy," does not hold; of the average sucker the adage should read, "Once bitten, twice as eager." Confidence men know this. There are 50 places in New York City where "sucker-lists" are compiled and sold. The names of those who have once invested in bogus schemes bring high rates, but for chronic biters the rate is much higher.

As in other things, there are fashions in fraudulent investments. Texas oil stocks "went out" just before I took charge of the Fraud Prevention Bureau in New York City. The present fashion is mines. To illustrate the technic of selling such stock, the activities of Charlie Greenhaus may serve. His methods were typical of those used by many others.

First, he hired an office in Wall Street. Because Wall Street is the hub of the country's legitimate financial operations, the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords prefer Wall Street as an impressive business address, but their operations radiate throughout the land. Greenhaus had

a force of 15 or 20 men called "dynamiters," whose specialty consists in disposing of bogus investments over the telephone exclusively. From New York these men put through calls to Chicago, Cleveland, even Denver, as well as to smaller communities. It is a curious psychological fact that many persons are quicker to swallow what is said to them over the 'phone than what they hear in a face-to-face interview.

The "dynamiter," with an accent undefined, his eloquence dynamic, introduces himself. "You will remember me, Mr. Brown," he challenges; "I am the man who told the financial reporters that International Radio was bound to rise. I suppose you saw what it did yesterday?" (He mentions some stock that really did go up.) "Now, Mr. Brown, I have just learned the details of a remarkable investment opportunity in which you will at least double your money."

For \$25,000 in Dryden Gold Mine dynamited out of the public in one month Greenhaus actually delivered little of this stock, which was worth but a few cents a share. For example, he sold by telephone 500 shares to an undertaker on Long Island. The sale, at \$2 per share, amounted to \$1000. The next day, however, the "dynamiter" telephoned to the undertaker and apologized for having taken the liberty of buying for him \$5000 worth of the stock. The sauve speaker explained that, because of some pool operations known only to his group of financial experts, the stock had increased in value and had been resold for a profit of \$3000. It was necessary for the undertaker to deliver immediately his certified check to the firm's messenger, to get the stock for delivery, but the company's check would be mailed to the Long Island man the next day. A messenger shortly thereafter appeared with a fictitious broker's statement, exactly confirming the telephone messages and proving to the delighted sucker his good fortune. The man quickly borrowed enough money to make up, with his savings, the required \$5000. But he is still anticipating his profits.

A trained nurse, a woman about 50 years old, had \$250 in savings and

needed \$500 to pay for an operation for her mother. Greenhaus promised to double the poor woman's money by operations similar to those described, and she let him have it. She, also, never saw a dollar of it again. Greenhaus is now serving sentence in Atlanta, Georgia.

Dishonest sellers of real estate have devised numerous schemes appealing to one or more of the common characteristics of the sucker—the impulse to get something for nothing, get-rich-quick greed, stupid credulity, careless indolence about making investigations.

It is to play upon the first of these weaknesses that the "free lot racket" has been perfected. The initial step is for a gentlemanly salesman to call at a man's house when he is away on business. The salesman tells the man's wife that, through the recommendation of a friend, she has been placed on a list of prospective free lot winners, a list compiled to help advertise a realty development. A few days later the salesman calls again to announce to the elated mistress of the house that she has won a lot. He asks her to go to the realty office for her deed. Once inside this elaborately furnished place she learns that she must pay \$25 or \$30 as the cost of registering her deed. She usually pays. When she goes to see her lot she finds—if it exists at all—that it is a remote swamp, or otherwise undesirable. She is angry. The salesman at once offers to exchange the bad bargain, with a credit allowance, for a really good lot which she may buy on easy installments. The salesman most likely obtains her signature to a contract providing for monthly payments; but when she completes them and obtains her second deed she is merely the owner of a plot of ground for which she has paid far more than it will be worth for years to come.

"Reloading," a trick used also by the salesmen of worthless stocks, may mulct the unsophisticated investor in real estate. He is first sold a lot in a certain development. Soon after, he is asked to call at another real estate office, where he is offered more than ten times what he paid for his lot if, with it, he will turn over the two adjoining. He is told

(Continued to page 296)

The Universal Prejudice

Condensed from *The New Republic* (July 27, '27)

Chester T. Crowell

WE were discussing prejudices, trying to decide which is the most general. Now it happens that I know the champion of all prejudices—one that flourishes (among 99 percent of people) everywhere, in disregard of race, religion, climate or economic conditions.

At one time I was a cub reporter, and my working hours were half-past noon until half-past three a. m. Therefore I slept till about 11 o'clock. A friend of whom my mother and I were very fond, a middle-aged, widely-traveled woman, used to be welcome in our home at any hour. However, from the time I went to work our friendship cooled. She would glare at me if she happened to find me eating my belated breakfast. She was never able to overcome an instinctive belief that anyone who slept till 11 o'clock led a vile life. At the time I thought this was funny, but when in the next few years a hundred men and women glared at me in the same way, I felt that a majority of them wondered what dark secret my life held.

A railroad conductor, an acquaintance of mine also subject to night work, gave me many instances of actual persecution growing out of this prejudice. Even his wife, he said, was "on pins and needles to rouse me out of bed at seven o'clock no matter how long I've been on duty." He had been married 18 years, and I suspected him of exaggeration, but I have since known a dozen or more similar cases, and can no longer entertain the slightest doubt of his veracity.

Let me remark that in no case am I confusing the inconvenience which late sleeping causes others, with the prejudice which is unreasoning and in disregard of

facts. For instance, in a well-managed hotel that is amply staffed, it is a matter of no importance how long the guests sleep. Usually there is a little card to be attached to the door knob, reading "Do not disturb." Ask any person who travels a great deal if they are effective! From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico I have experimented with those cards. It is the one particular in which hotel efficiency will not function.

In a certain New York hotel my wife used to breakfast at 9 o'clock, but I slept on till 11. One morning the elderly Irish maid remarked, apropos of nothing at all: "Well, it's a great world we're living in. I might have married again and maybe been better off. But you can't tell. I look around and see plenty of women supporting the husbands. If they're sick, of course, it can't be helped. But there's others. Them that lays up in bed all day while their wives goes out to earn a living." I turned around and caught the old familiar glare.

I'm used to it now. Scores of other newspaper men who do night work have told me how they suffer under this prejudice. Still, I often wonder why, in 17 years, someone hasn't asked me if I'm ill, or what work I do, or simply why I sleep late. But they never do. I feel quite safe in venturing that the mere fact of a person having unusual hours for sleep rouses anger.

I make the bold assertion that I have never known any man, woman, or child who has not a definite idea as to when a person should rise. Most amusing of all is the fact that the victims of this prejudice are not themselves free of it. I confess that I am not.

Continued from page (294)

that a subway is going through the property and that the three lots are to be the site of a station. Naturally, he hurries back to the first company and purchases the other two lots. When he returns to the second company he finds that it has silently stolen away. It was nothing but a decoy of the first company.

In some instances the land sold to suckers is a tax title. The real estate has accumulated a mass of unpaid taxes, and is sold and bought in for the taxes. The title is worthless, because the original owner may always recover his land by paying up his taxes and redeeming his property.

Or a gyp real estate company may buy a real development but never complete its payments. Such a company sells this land to small purchasers at 20 percent down and so much a month. When the first purchaser goes to the office to make his final payment and to get his deed, he finds the company gone. Then he discovers that the title to the land still remains with the original holder, who has never been paid in full for it, and that his own payments are totally lost.

The "switch game" is carried on by men who travel about from town to town, stopping at the best hotels but keeping their offices under their hats. They persuade the gullible citizen to exchange his safe securities for worthless, or nearly worthless investments. Their promises of enormous returns seem to be all that is necessary to stir into life the get-rich-quick instinct of their victims.

One man with an unsavory record now circulates a weekly periodical disguised as a newspaper devoted to fearless and impartial advice about securities. In it are articles untruthfully describing the merits of two mining promotions, predicting their rise on the Boston Curb Market to fabulous prices, and advising his readers to invest their savings in the stock. This stock he secretly holds on options at ten cents a share.

The so-called market operations on the Boston Curb, used to bait his readers are

largely "wash sales." A wash sale is an artificial sale from one broker to another and a purchase back of the same security at the same price. In other words, the sale is a fiction. Investors see these "washes" at rising prices in great quantities, and believe that if they buy the stock and hold on they have something of a value indicated by the market quotations. The worthless stock of an Idaho mine was washed from 50 cents a share to \$5, and the editor unloaded his stock on his gullible subscribers at a profit of millions of dollars.

A certain type of confidence men picks out lonely, elderly women, and plays upon their motherly instincts. Walter Gutterson, for example, bought Interstate Mortgage stock at \$3 a share and sold 600 shares of it to an old lady in White Plains, New York, for \$63,000. First, he cultivated her acquaintance. He took her out in his car, he spent hours at her home, allowing her to read to him. When he was out of town he sent her affectionate letters. As he gained her confidence, he incidentally planted in her mind a belief in his financial ability. His hints about the undesirability of some of her investments gradually broadened into recommendations which, he insisted, would bring her much better returns! After he had obtained her \$63,000 he asked her to turn back to him all the shares of Interstate Mortgage stock he had delivered to her, so that he could exchange them for one certificate and save money on the transfers. She did so—and never saw even her shares again!

The investor should always take his time, demand references, and *investigate*. When strangers try to sell him securities he must not be a victim of the one-call system. Let him seek opinions from some reliable person or firm, familiar with the character of the business in question. Let him consult the local Chamber of Commerce, or Better Business Bureau. Let him inquire what his banker or his lawyer thinks of the proposition that has been presented to him.

The Conquest of the Everglades

Condensed from the *Scientific American* (August, '27)

Arthur Woodward

THE subjection of the Seminoles, the proud, freedom-loving Indians who dwell within the depths of the swampy Everglades in Florida, is at last being accomplished. "Separatists", their name means, and originally they were of the Creek tribe. Their history has been one of turmoil and sorrow.

Prior to 1819, while the Spanish still ruled Florida, war broke out between the Seminoles and the Americans. The primal cause was the wrath of the Georgia slave holders against the Seminoles who had consistently welcomed to the swamps the run-away slaves of the whites. In 1790, a treaty was made by the United States with the Creeks, who agreed to aid in the capture and return of all escaped slaves. But nothing was done, and in 1810 the Georgians decided to take matters into their own hands. A period of guerilla warfare followed, which ended in the defeat of the whites.

From then till 1816 the Seminoles were more or less at peace with the Americans. In that year troops under General Andrew Jackson stormed a Spanish fortification in which a number of Indians and negroes had taken refuge, and blew it up, killing some 270 of the 334 men and women within. It was this frightful massacre that formally launched the "First Seminole War," and "Blount's Fort," the name of the destroyed works, became the magnetic rallying cry of the inflamed Seminoles, who straightway launched a campaign of retribution against the whites.

By the treaty of 1819, when Spain ceded her rights to Florida to the United States for \$5,000,000, the Seminoles found themselves ruled by the power they most dreaded. The slave holders, now masters of the territory, set up a clamor for the recovery of their run-away property. The United States

undertook negotiations with the Seminole headmen, agreeing to protect the Indians and their property if they would accept certain tracts as their reservation. After debating the proposition, the Indians accepted and retired into the interior. For a time there was peace but the slave holders, having won an inch, proceeded to take a mile. They invaded the Seminole country with bloodhounds and chains, sealing right and left. In vain did the Seminoles petition for redress. In 1828 the Government offered them new lands west of the Mississippi, where they might be far from their persecutors.

Leaders who were persuaded to inspect the new land reported that it was too cold and too dry a country. They decided not to emigrate. However, pressure was brought to bear, and an agreement was signed whereby the whole tribe was supposed to be ready to move at a certain date. The day came without a single Indian being ready to depart. Troops were sent to enforce the order. But the Indians gathered their portable property and slipped deeper into the Everglades. For years they had been gathering powder and lead. Wild game was plentiful, and there were the acorns, palmetto "cabbage" and other native plants to eat. It was war to the hilt.

At this point Osceola, or "The Black Drink Hallooer," a young Seminole of mixed Scotch and Indian blood, stepped onto the stage, an Indian patriot if ever there was one.

The Second Seminole War began in 1835, with the frightful massacre of Major Dade's force of 110 men, of whom only two escaped alive. Osceola was the guiding spirit of the war, and general after general took charge of the American forces without accomplishing anything tangible. At last General Jesup invited

Osceola to a conference, under a flag of truce, and seized him with his right-hand man, Wild Cat. Three months later Osceola died, a prisoner. Wild Cat escaped to his people, and, more embittered than ever, carried on the war till 1841, when General Worth captured Wild Cat's little daughter, and held her as ransom for her father's appearance. Wild Cat came, and finally agreed to emigrate with his people. By 1843 the last of the Seminoles who had agreed to emigrate had sailed out of Tampa Bay with their scanty belongings—dusky Acadians bound for a new land of misery. A few Seminoles steadfastly refused to leave the Everglades. They did, however, agree to maintain a friendly truce, and moved south into the uninhabited lower marshes.

There they have lived to this day, a shy people, holding aloof from all social contact with the whites. They have maintained their old customs, living by the products of their swampy plantations and on wildlife of forest and stream. Ethnologically they have always been interesting, since they have clung to their own ways. There have been ethnologists and missionaries who have obtained some knowledge of their ways, but on the whole their attitude has been "You let me alone and I will let you alone." They want no education because "white man heap lie too much," and they point to other tribes who having learned to read and write, have signed away their lands and fathers' graves. Such things would never do for the Seminoles.

They are skillful hunters and fishers, and while game is not so plentiful as it was at one time, due to the invasion of white hunters, still they find enough to keep them fairly well supplied. Bear, deer, and alligators have been the largest victims to their modern rifles, while turtles and all manner of succulent fish teem in the waters. Living mostly on the water they have become experts with their canoes, and men, women, and children pole the shallow wooden dugouts along the maze of tree-shrouded waterways of the swamps with amazing swiftness and skill.

Their houses are mere palmetto thatched, open sheds, supported by

sturdy logs. They keep their hand-made ornaments, ceremonial turbans and knick-knacks in chests or trunks. Both men and women delight in long, be-ruffled garments of many-colored calicoes. The women wear pounds of beads, wrapped in close, heavy bands about their necks. The men usually wear a combination shirt and kilt costume, though, when they visit a white town they wear trousers, and sometimes derby hats.

Many of the old customs still survive, but the last negro slave held by the Seminoles died recently. She was an aged negress who toiled for her red masters long after her brethren had been freed by Lincoln's armies. Murder and theft are rare among them, and are punished in Seminole fashion. Not long ago a Seminole man murdered a boy. Instead of turning the slayer over to white justice, the Indians condemned him to death by shooting. The murderer asked time to settle his personal affairs. This was granted. He went away unattended and was gone 30 days. Then he returned, sat on the edge of the grave prepared for him, and was tumbled over with a few well-placed rifle shots.

Soon, however, if one is to believe the newspapers, the picturesque dwellers of the Everglades will be mere nonentities. A young chief, Tony Tommy by name, has appealed to President Coolidge to end the 85-year-old truce. Chief Tony Tommy says he and his people are willing to come under the jurisdiction of the United States.

The clank of dredges draining the Everglades, and the thunder of dynamite blowing out obstructions, are outward signs that civilization is stamping out the Everglades. There will be a few Seminoles, perhaps, who will continue to haunt the depths of the unclaimed swamp lands—men and women of the old school who do not hold with the teachings of the popular Chief Tony Tommy who is striving to bring his people to a better understanding of their white neighbors. Just a few—but they will in time pass on, leaving a host of Indian place names and a multitude of legends to the new Florida. Then the conquest of the last primeval outpost of our American aborigines will be complete.

Why the American Woman Is Unique

Condensed from the Nation (August 3, '27)

Ellsworth Huntington

OUR women are said to be bolder, less domestic, more ambitious and dominating than those of the Old World; or braver, more adaptable, more competent, if you prefer another set of adjectives.

It seems to me that these roughly defined differences are real, and based on traceable causes: first, natural selection arising through migration; second, geographic conditions; and third, a peculiarly stimulative social environment. The last condition probably has been caused by the first two.

The fact is often disregarded that all the inhabitants of the United States, aside from the Indians, are either immigrants from the Old World or descendants of such immigrants. When the question of going to a new land arises, one of the first problems is health. People in poor health, as a rule, have little or no thought of migrating. The health of the women has more to do with the matter than that of the men. Many a man might go alone to a new land, but will not take his wife if she has any physical weakness. The more difficult the migration, the greater the selection on account of health. How real was this experience among the Pilgrims may be judged by the fact that by the end of the first winter 44 of the original 102 passengers had died. Of the 18 married women who came on that first shipload, 13 died during the first sad year. Of course this is an extreme case, but it illustrates a great principle. All through the pioneer period, a similar, though less severe, selection took place.

Migration imposes not only a physical selection but a temperamental selection which may be even more important. Suppose a community becomes interested in migrating to Australia. When it comes to the crucial point, who will go? Certainly not the families where both the husband and the wife are of a timid

disposition. Since women are naturally more conservative than men, a relatively higher degree of the adventurous, adaptable spirit is required to make them pull up stakes and go to a far country than is required of the men. As a result, any hard migration causes a selection on the basis of pioneer spirit—a selection more radical among the women than among the men.

After migrants reach a new land, many become discouraged and go back. Thus those who finally compose the new population at the end of every migration tend to be of unusually strong physique and of an unusually buoyant and adaptable spirit. Moreover, the fact that migration is almost always harder for women than for men makes the difference between the women in the new land and the old greater than between the men.

The ordinary laws of heredity tend to perpetuate the conditions which thus arise. This indicates a genuine biological basis for the difference which we seem to see between the average woman of America, Australia, and Canada and the average woman of the Old World. Of course, as time goes on, selection becomes less strenuous. But even in our day, the difficulties of migration across the Atlantic seem to be great enough to cause at least a slight temperamental difference between the average person who comes to America and those of the same class who stay at home. Now, too, as in the past, the selection among women is probably more severe than it is among men.

Geography, as well as biology, appears to take a hand in the process. The rich resources of a new land seem to act, not so much as a direct stimulus to activity, but as a magnet to draw from the Old World many enterprising, money-loving people. By attracting one type of people more strongly than another,

natural resources have probably been one of the main determinants of the American temperament.

Climate, too, seems to have affected our population both directly and indirectly, and in this case the direct effects seem the more important. Indirectly the tales of rigorous winters and the widespread belief that the region west of the Mississippi was a worthless desert, had a selective effect.

The direct effect of climate is its influence upon health and especially upon the nerves. During the past decade or two we have found that variations in health from day to day, and from season to season, depend upon the weather far more than upon any other factor.

A long monotonous rainy period tends to produce pessimism; whereas the snappiness of a clear day in October makes people optimistic.

Perhaps the most important feature of the climate of the Northeastern United States as compared with the rest of the world is the high degree of variability. This part of the United States is the stormiest inhabited part of the world. Not the coldest, or the rainiest, but the part where ordinary storms follow one another most frequently, and bring the most rapid changes of weather. These changes are highly stimulating. Of course they may be too extreme, but when they are of reasonable magnitude the change from rain to sunshine, from warm south winds to cool northwest winds, and from a score of other conditions to their opposites has a bracing effect.

Recent climatic studies suggest that women are more sensitive to climate than are men. For example, some years ago I compared the weather with the daily work of hundreds of men and women in several Connecticut factories. In every case the same seasonal trend appeared—poor work in midwinter; good work in spring, culminating in June; a drop during the summer in warm years, but not in other years; greatest efficiency in the late fall.

When the amount of work was compared with the temperature, humidity, and variability of individual days,

certain highly systematic relationships were found. In general, men and women responded to the weather in the same way, but the women were more sensitive. If further investigation should confirm these results, we should expect the typical American woman not only to have the optimistic, adventurous, pioneering spirit as the result of natural selection but also to possess a high degree of nervous energy.

It is often assumed that the feeling of nervous tension is due largely to our highly stimulating sociological environment. Almost no one can go to such a city as New York and feel its activity, without experiencing a thrill of energy. Presumably women, through their more sensitive nervous organization, feel the thrill of cities more than men.

It seems to me that our social organization owes a great deal of its character to the fact that our people still possess a large share of the pioneer spirit, and are kept keyed up through our variable climate. These conditions almost inevitably produce an active, stimulating environment. Such an environment in turn stimulates to greater activity. This, then, as I see it, is the cycle by which the American people have been brought to their present degree of activity and progress. Since women are more influenced than men at various points in the cycle, they surpass the men in the degree to which they differ from their sisters elsewhere.

Thus far the picture we have drawn has much on which we may congratulate ourselves. Our inheritance, our resources, and our climate do help us achieve. But there is one very disquieting element. The women of the most active types are the ones who have the fewest children. On an average, the highly selected, energetic, pioneer type of woman, and the type which responds most readily to the nervous stimulus of our climate, are the very ones whose other useful activities so fill their lives that only a small place is left for children. If this condition should continue to increase at its present rate, a few more generations would apparently see the elimination of the special qualities which today make the American woman unique.

Cleaning Up the Philippines

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (August, '27)

Walter Wilgus

IN 1916 the Democratic government, traditionally favoring early Philippine independence and harassed by our prospective entrance into the War, extended autonomy to the Filipinos by passing the Jones Law. This provided a Philippine House and Senate, leaving such American control as was retained in the Governor-General, the auditor, and an American majority of one in the Supreme Court. Governor-General Harrison was warned to permit no encroachment by the legislature on his own or the auditor's duties.

However, with the approval of the Governor-General, the legislature, headed by Manuel Quezon, proceeded to pass 83 statutes changing the Jones Law to something totally different from that contemplated by Congress, and "reducing the Governor-General," as they boasted, "to a mere figurehead."

Most of these statutes were illegal, as demonstrated by test cases. That which has given most trouble was one that created a "Board of Control" to supervise industrial projects in which \$50,000,000 of government money are still tied up. The board had three members: the Governor-General, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House. Thus the Governor-General could be outvoted on any proposal, two to one.

The legislature now embarked on an unparalleled adventure in state socialism. It organized National coal and cement companies, and a National Bank. It lent \$12,500,000 to sugar mills in the hands of Negroes. It even speculated disastrously in hemp on the New York market, using government funds which had been deposited there to keep the Philippine peso at parity with the dollar. It authorized an annual million-peso propaganda fund—to be renewed

automatically—to send political missions to the States.

These industrial experiments were nearly all colossal failures, due to utter incompetence coupled with corruption. The Filipino president of the National Bank, and several of his sons, nephews and cousins, have since been sentenced to prison for embezzlement. The misuse of the gold reserve fund had created an unfavorable exchange rate, when General Wood took office, of 15 percent. As for the million-peso "independence fund," no auditing has ever been made, and no money remains. Where it went is known only to the politicians that spent it.

Added to virtual bankruptcy, the great work of public health had suffered grievously under Mr. Harrison. There had not been a single death from smallpox in Manilla for seven years previous to his administration. Under the Harrison regime, from 1913 to 1921, vaccination was utterly neglected. By 1918 there had been 130,264 cases and 73,369 deaths from smallpox. Anti-malaria and anti-leprosy work had likewise slumped. Animal disease and locust infestation had increased. For example, rinderpest—which strikes at the very foundation of Philippine agriculture by killing the water buffalo used in the rice paddies and cane fields—has been reduced 80 percent by General Wood.

Despite its results, Mr. Harrison has defended his *laissez-faire* policy by saying that the "way to teach a boy to swim is to throw him into deep water." He overlooked the fact that the boy may drown. The waters were already closing over the heads of the untrained government when a change of administration at home brought General Wood to the rescue.

General Wood made haste slowly, and this was interpreted by Filipino pol-

iticians as weakness. His advice that the government companies be sold was turned down. His appointments were not confirmed. His recommendations on health were often laughed at. The climax came when General Wood reinstated a Manila policeman who had been discharged, after arresting certain Filipino politicians for gambling. Led by Mr. Quezon, the cabinet, or "council of state," threatened to resign unless the policeman was discharged. They did not expect their resignations to be accepted. General Wood accepted them.

Mr. Quezon promptly launched the charge that Wood was an autocrat, who with a ring of American army officers, ruled a subject people with an iron hand. He also put through a bill to hold a plebiscite on independence. Those familiar with the ignorance and intimidation of Filipino voters, the low price of votes and the stuffing of ballot boxes, are aware that the result would have been precisely what those in charge of the plebiscite might decree. General Wood twice vetoed the plebiscite bill. Congress alone has the power to initiate any move looking toward separation from the United States.

General Wood also cancelled the million-peso propaganda fund. Most important of all, he abolished on Nov. 6, 1926, the Board of Control. This board had nullified all attempts to sell or even manage the government companies efficiently. Under authority of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, General Wood is now administering the companies and may be expected to minimize further losses.

The government's annual balance sheets show most conclusively the unsoundness of Harrison's policy and the soundness of Wood's. They show that when Wood took office the cash surplus was overdrawn 13,000,000 pesos. There is now a cash surplus of 22,000,000 pesos.

In the field of public and animal health, results have been equally impressive. General Wood reestablished the practice of vaccination and by 1923 the scourge of smallpox was ended. Leprosy is being treated so successfully that many patients have been discharged.

Cholera is virtually stamped out. Malaria and typhoid are also being reduced.

The results have been achieved not only in the face of baffling political opposition, but with almost no expert assistance. There are no Filipino experts, and there are no funds to pay American experts. The only help available has been supplied by half a dozen officers of the United States Army. These men have sacrificed their military careers to do their bit in civilian work in the Philippines. No more courteous and unassuming executives could be imagined.

General Aquinaldo, leader of insurrections against Spain and the United States, is the most eminent Filipino living. His influence is great, and he has told his countrymen from Luzon to Mindanao that in General Wood's administration is their only hope of safety from political exploitation. His influence is great also with the Malay peasantry who compose 90 percent of the population, and who recognize, dimly, that in conscientious American supervision lies their sole safeguard against the wealthier half-castes.

Education is perhaps the greatest problem. The educational budget is very heavy, yet two-thirds of the Filipino children of school age are turned away because of insufficient facilities. Agriculture is the mainstay of Filipino life, yet agricultural education is negligible. Training in the trades or engineering is almost non-existent. There is a deplorable lack of skilled physicians and nurses in the provinces. Thousands of Filipinos die each year because there is no medical attention outside the few large towns. Eighty percent of the population has hookworm, and will have until shoes are generally worn.

Usury flourishes, as a large majority of the population is in a state of peonage and lacks the knowledge, opportunity, and initiative to become freeholders.

The most heartening feature of the situation, however, is that General Wood has cleared the way for all of these reforms. With infinite patience he has swept away the debris of the Harrison regime, and has given the Philippines a foundation on which to erect a permanent structure.

What Game Do You Play?

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (July, '27)

Arthur Grahame

DROPS Dead on Golf Links." That headline appears in the newspapers much too frequently for the mental comfort of those of us who have stepped unwillingly out of the charmed circle of youth but still like to have our exercise at first hand.

"G. Henry Blank," we read, "53 years old, died yesterday while playing golf. After making a good drive from the first tee, Mr. Blank complained of dizziness. While waiting his turn to drive from the second tee he collapsed suddenly. Physicians said that the death had been caused by heart disease."

Disturbing reading for a man past the 40-year mark, who is still unwilling to exchange the joys of active participation in sports for a grand-stand seat. More encouraging are the news items on the sporting page. Here one learns that youth must often wait in the background while some veteran athlete gathers a few more honors. Devereux Milburn, 46 years old, shares with Tommy Hitchcock, who is 27, the highest rating of American polo. Clarence De Mar, close to the 40-year mark, continues to win grueling Marathon races. Walter Johnson, in his fortieth year and starting his twenty-first year of baseball, continues one of the greatest pitchers. These veterans—and many others—continue to hold their own against much younger men.

The annual championship tournament of the U. S. Seniors' Golf Association attracts three or four hundred golfers who compete in five age classes—55 to 59, 60 to 64, 65 to 69, 70 to 74, and over 75. Last year's championship was won by Frank A. Hoyt who, competing in the 55 to 59 class, shot 152 for 36 holes over a difficult course—a long way from the usual conception of "old man's golf." Even more remarkable was the perform-

ance of F. P. Abercrombie who had a winning score of 186 for 36 holes in the 75-year class. In tennis the national veterans' championship, open to players 45 years or over, provides sport much higher in quality than that seen in most club tournaments open to men of all ages.

But such men form only a small detachment of the army of "over 40" players. Most of us, as we reach the middle years, are willing to play for the fun of the game and leave the championships to others. The Earl of Balfour plays both tennis and golf at 79. John D. Rockefeller, now 85, enjoys his daily golf. The venerable Bishop of London, who visited us recently, engaged in a tennis match with Miss Helen Wills. In almost any sport club you will find "old-timers" who are able to make the youngsters step lively.

Is there, then, a definite quitting time in sport? If there is, when do we reach it?

I took these questions to Dr. Philip Hawk, well-known dietitian and food research expert, who held the national veterans' singles tennis championship from 1921 to 1923, and has been a strong contender each year since then.

"When," I asked him, "should a man give up tennis?"

"That depends entirely on the man," said Dr. Hawk promptly. "If his heart is in good condition, he need never give it up. I've been playing for 30 years and believe I put up as good a game today as I ever did."

"Of course," he went on, "as a man grows older he must take precautions that a youngster isn't likely to bother about. Every man over 40 who takes part in any strenuous sport should go to his

physician for a thorough physical examination before the opening of the season. I always do that. Heart troubles sometimes develop rapidly, and if there is anything wrong with me, I want to know it before I take any violent exercise. Any man who has passed 40 should work out very carefully in the early part of the season. He never should place a sudden strain on his heart—or any other part of his body, for that matter.

"I have never given up active play. That's a really dangerous thing to do. Many young men engage in strenuous sports in college, take no exercise for the first two or three years of their business careers, and then try to go back to sport. Naturally, in many cases the heart can't stand the sudden strain. The man who wants to continue his activity in sport through middle life never should allow himself to get out of condition. Personally, I have found that bowling, supplemented by setting-up exercises, keeps me in good condition during the off season.

"Sometimes, of course, circumstances make it necessary for a man to give up sport for a year or two. If he is organically sound, he can get back to his game by starting very slowly and carefully.

"Quitting time? For the normally healthy man, there is no quitting time in tennis. Sensible living the year round, the precaution of a physical check-up once a year, and careful practice in the spring, should make it possible for a man to play tennis indefinitely. I, for one, hope to stick to the game as long as I can carry a racket around the court!"

I went to Daniel Chase, chief of the New York State bureau of physical education.

"We can't get away from the unpleasant fact that men do drop dead on golf links. Nor can we get away from the fact that men drop dead in other places. For example, many people are overtaken by heart failure while climbing the stairs on their way to bed. The difference is that when a man dies suddenly while playing a game it is news; if the same man were to die suddenly in his home, it would excite no comment.

"But I do think there is a definite quitting time for the average man in almost every sport," he said. "Golf is an exception—the exertion it demands is not severe or sudden, and for a man who is in ordinary good health golf is a safe and beneficial game at almost any age. Swimming is another exception, exercising every muscle of the body without strain.

"Baseball is a fine game, but I'd draw the danger line at about 40—perhaps a few years earlier—except for the professional who plays day in and day out. The 'business vs. professional men' games that are a feature of so many outings are bad medicine. I don't believe in baseball for men over 30 who do not use their bodies pretty regularly. It isn't good, for instance, for mill operatives who sit down all day at their work. Playground ball, which is baseball played on a small diamond with a soft ball, gives the players the same fun and zest of competition without the danger of heart strain.

"The danger line in track athletics for the average man must be drawn a little after 30. One of the most dangerous sports in the world is the "fat men's race," another favorite at outings. Compared with it, polo, hockey, and automobile racing are safe. The 250-pounder of 30 or 40 who indulges in a 50-yard burst of running is asking for trouble.

"In tennis it is more difficult to fix the danger line. It all depends on the player. The man who is able to play almost every day, and has been accustomed to doing it, can go on playing all his life.

"Provided a man keeps fairly steadily at his game, he can continue to take part even in strenuous sports until he is well into middle age. The whole secret is never to get altogether out of training, and never to place a sudden strain on the heart. If you haven't time to play enough tennis or baseball to make it safe for you, switch to golf. And remember that the most dangerous thing to do in sports is to give them up altogether. Every man should continue to play some game."

“Merely a Slight Operation”

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

H. I. Phillips

TONSILS are blamed for about everything these days, from bad form at bridge, a failure to get a salary raise or a tendency to be shy in company, to rheumatism, heart trouble, and general collapse. Some doctors no doubt blame them for falling hair, high golf scores, and fallen arches.

To confess that you still have tonsils is to confess that you are a nobody. Everybody is having them out. People simply are not wearing them any more.

It may be a good thing. I don't know. Anyway, mine are gone. The medical fraternity had been after them for years. As long ago as I can remember, there were physicians eager to take them away from me. There was really quite a long waiting list. I succumbed to a wearing-down process. After holding out for years against doctors who peeked down my thorax and exclaimed, "Ah-h-h! My goodness! How do you live with them? You should have them removed at once!" I gradually grew weaker and capitulated. I simply got tired of having physicians blame things on my tonsils. So I had them removed. And now I have something in common with the elevator attendant, the janitor, the man next door, the cop on our beat, the butcher and the baker.

This spring came an attack of influenza. I went to a new doctor. "Open your mouth," he said. I knew at once what was coming. "Ah-h-h-h," he said, just like all the others.

"I have abnormal tonsils," I said; "they ought to come out."

"You took the words out of my mouth," said the doctor.

"A great many doctors have taken them out of mine," I countered.

"Tonsils are the cause of very serious afflictions. Don't yours give you a lot of trouble?" he asked.

"They don't give me so much trouble; but they seem to give the doctors a lot," I answered rather truthfully. "What diseases are attributed to tonsils?" I asked.

"Rheumatism, pericarditis, endocarditus, psoriasis, articular," he said.

"Really?" I asked quite startled, and very sorry that I had inquired.

"Absolutely," he replied. "Last month I had a man with a severe—"

"I suppose they do cause a lot of trouble," I interrupted, rising and reaching for my hat. "It's all bunk," I said to myself as I went home. "A tonsil's place is in the throat. Else, why was it put there?"

Still, I was beginning to have my doubts. I began to feel rheumatic. So I took to making inquiries among my friends. I found that by dropping a remark about tonsils, I could get four out of five people to tell me all about their operations. "Nothing at all," some would say. "In fact, you'll rather like it. Be all over in three days." Others would explain: "Mean operation. It'll lay you up for weeks." I didn't skip anybody. I couldn't be in a man's company five minutes without leading up to his throat troubles. I was literally leaping at my friend's throats.

Finally, I decided to go to a specialist. I opened my mouth. "Ah-h-h-h," he gasped. But I knew the rest. "How much of an operation is it?" I inquired.

"Nothing, nothing at all. There was a young man came to me a few days ago with a badly infected throat and—"

"Very well, I'll give you a call."

The next day I decided to surrender. I knew that unless I phoned the doctor and made a definite date for the operation I would postpone it indefinitely. I reached for the phone.

"Well, say next Thursday?" suggested the doctor.

"Thursday's all right with me," I assured him, trying to be as chipper as though I were making an appointment to go to a ball game. After all, this was Saturday. Thursday was five days off. A lot of things might happen in five days. I rather hoped some of them would.

By Saturday night, it seemed to me that I had never felt finer in my life. Sunday, I felt even better. By Monday, the very idea of doing anything to improve my health seemed quite absurd. Tuesday, I was certain I should call up the doctor and cancel the operation. Wednesday, as luck would have it, I read a newspaper account of a stormy meeting of a medical association due to an airing of opposing views on the removal of tonsils. One doctor said there was reason to believe that tonsils were "sentinels of the throat, rendering great protective service." This doctor declared they had much to do with the voice, and insisted that ability as a singer could be impaired by their removal.

This seemed to offer a way out. I could call up the doctor and tell him that I was a singer of no mean ability, and that I mustn't submit my voice to any risk. But he might be suspicious and ask me to sing something for him. If he were to hear me sing, it would only make him more determined than ever to operate. Then the inner man, if any, seemed to say, "Aw, don't be such a coward. Anybody'd think you were having your head cut off..."

Eventually, came Thursday, and the hospital. Nurses, doctors, internees, the smell of medicine, whispered conversations, a sobbing woman, a distant cry. A nurse with a long questionnaire: Full name? Age? Residence? Nearest relative? What did your father die of?

Very cheerful. An interne: "Lemme have your hand. Blood test. Just a drop." A young doctor: "Just want to test your heart... Humph... funny... don't seem to get it... Oh, yes." Then entered another nurse, with another questionnaire: "How many suits of clothes did you bring?"

"Only one," I replied, quite puzzled and somewhat disturbed by the inferences to be drawn. "I understood that I would be here only overnight."

She smiled. "You won't be here long enough to need any changes. Now, how

many shirts?... Shoes?... Sets of underwear?... Jewelry?... Only one hat, I suppose?"

"Yes," I replied, assuring her that I had been led to believe that one hat was enough to wear to any operation, major or minor. There was something very depressing, not to say alarming, in this detailed inventory of my personal belongings. The nurse must have sensed my concern.

"We have to take an inventory of everything every patient brings in," she said, "so, if anything is missing, we can check up. Patients sometimes file claims for losses."

"Anything missing?" I repeated. "Say, what kind of a hospital is this?"

"Oh, the hospital is all right," she assured me. "Just a matter of form. But we are not responsible for valuables, unless left at the office."

"I'll take a chance on my watch and ring," I blurted.

My morale was anything but 100 percent. I was being put through all the strain of undergoing a major operation. Finally, white-garbed internees came with the white-operating table. Nothing looks so fraught with dire possibilities as a white-operating table. Why, I wondered, don't they let a fellow have his slight operations on something more cheerful in design?

"Just climb on," said an interne. I climbed, and was presently being wheeled through what seemed about 200 miles of corridors, onto an elevator, then off again and through what seemed 200 miles more...

"The doctors say you gave them a terrible fight," said the nurse some hours later. "They gave you enough ether to put a half-dozen men to sleep. It's funny about some people. They thought they might have to put you away like they did the man in 709. They gave him gas, but he never noticed it. Then they gave him ether, and it only made him quarrelsome. Finally, they had to put him out with four ounces of chloroform. And it was only a slight operation, like yours, too."

"Only a slight operation," I mumbled. Yes, of course, she was right. Still, it wasn't so much the operation. It was the things that came with it.

Mutations Among Americans

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Carl Van Vechten

RECENTLY, desiring to purchase a lamp, I emerged from the elevator on the indicated floor of one of New York's largest department stores only to gape with amazement. On every hand there was a heterogeneous collection of objects with electrical attachments—but not one real lamp did I see. Here was a samovar, wired and mounted, with a vellum shade on which was painted the effigy of an English fox hunt. Nearby stood what had apparently once been an andiron, now electrocuted and shadowed by pale-blue ruffles. Coffee and tea-pots diffused soft light. There were water-pitchers, pickle-bottles, sewing-machines, cuspids, medicine-jars, tea-caddies, kerosene cans, inkwells, flower urns, porcelain parrots, umbrella stands, cake-baskets, water-buckets and ice-cream freezers, all shedding a warm glow of illumination and all so emasculated that they could no longer perform their proper functions.

I asked the pretty, bob-haired girl who was officiating: "Have you no proper lamps?" Staring at me as if I were slightly demented, or a foreigner, she replied: "We don't burn oil in New York." Disregarding her obtuseness, I persisted: "I mean electric lamps." She waved her hand about in an inclusive gesture. "These are *all* electric lamps," she informed me, in the tone with which one gently instructs a child. Restraining myself from making the retort: "So's your old man," I retired from this emporium and went to a celebrated Chinese shop. Here, at any rate, I assured myself, I should be able to secure what I wanted. But I was again disappointed. An obsequious Chinaman

exhibited to me a goldfish bowl, shaded by Chinese damask, vases, bronze Buddhas, porcelain elephants, teak-wood bird-cages in which bright finches with electric eyes swung on perches, and divers other ornaments carved from rock-crystal, green and rose jade.

I sought no further. Returning to my apartment, I took down from a shelf in the store-room the following objects which had fallen into disuse: a brass music-rack, a cinnabar jewel chest of a curious design, an early American slop-jar, a Chinese actor's head-dress, and a Victorian silver soup-tureen, bequeathed to me by my paternal grandmother. These I dispatched to the nearest electrician with instructions that they be converted forthwith into lamps.

Contemplation has satisfied me that this perverse desire to use objects for purposes for which they were never intended is an abiding American trait to which Europeans engaged in manufacturing goods for disposal to tourists from the United States are not above catering.

This American characteristic may be studied advantageously from a different angle in the native drama. Railway trains, snowstorms, real turkeys, real waterfalls, real horses, were assuredly no novelty to the playgoers before whom they were exposed and yet it is evident that play after play succeeded because of their inclusion. "David Harum" was the success of a rainstorm with real water, "Shore Acres," of an actual dinner, served steaming to the actors six nights and two matinees a week, with the ultimate result that not a single member

of the original cast has been able to look at a turkey since. Real horses racing on a treadmill made "The County Fair" and "Ben Hur."

These phenomena gave pleasure simply because they were observed where they did not belong—in the theater. Natives of Vermont, accustomed to spend long winter hours clearing paths through the drifts from house to barn, sat infatuated before the plight of Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans" exposed as she was to a devastating fall of paper flakes. Ministers flocked to see "The Old Homestead" and "The Fatal Wedding," primarily because of the church scenes in them.

In many parts of America there is a steady and growing demand for furniture that appears to be something that it is not. In the matter of folding beds the inventors have been doubly ingenious. Folding-beds that by day take the shape of dining-tables, bookcases, chairs and probably even kitchen stoves are no rarity. Radio and Victrola cabinets are now constructed to resemble sideboards or consoles. Telephones are concealed in sedan chairs, while cocktails are shaken in shells, relics of the late war.

The same is true in the matter of food. Pink lemonade, chopped lettuce and asparagus, hash, succotash, peanut butter, crisco and oleomargarine are all of them the result, some of them a delightful result, of this baleful influence. Architecture has felt its sway, too. Swiss chalets are especially favored in prairie towns; Spanish bungalows decorate the environs of Iowa villages; plaster English farmhouses, with thatched roofs, seem to be considered appropriate to face Indiana pastures; French chateaus spring up on Fifth Avenue. Garages become houses and houses, garages. If a novelette is disguised as a biography, or a biography as a novel, it is sure to sell. In certain of these United States the use of knives for forks and saucers for tea-cups is almost *de rigueur*.

In politics this trait achieves the air of fantastic burlesque. He who is ignorant of international affairs and innocent of foreign languages seems to be the legitimate choice to head an American embassy in any European

capital. It appears to be entirely unnecessary for an applicant to acquaint himself with army and navy affairs before his appointment to take charge of one of these bureaus. Our senators and representatives are apparently selected (and elected) at haphazard from an assortment of the most signally unfit material.

What all this is leading to, one cannot be certain; assuredly, however, there is no sign of a waning of the tendency. As soon as it disappears from one strata of American life, it reappears in another. Perhaps it may be studied in its most ironic form when Uncle Peter and the family descend on Europe, for most of the Americans who visit Italy and France and Spain have no business to be there. They complain bitterly about the garlic and the olive oil in the cooking, and the fleas in their beds; they whine about the habitual gouging of the Parisian *cochers*; they grumble about the lack of heat in Venetian churches; they growl about the London fogs. French beer is too thin and German beer is too thick; English food is too simple, French food is too complicated.

Foreigners, these Americans grunt, are strange, unmoral people who eat snails and cockscombs and exist without bathtubs. They even refuse to learn the English language. In certain provinces they dress eccentrically, preserving the costumes of their ancestors. They nourish unreasonable grudges against each other and more particularly against the inhabitants of the United States. Their politics and their manners are heathenish; their banking and political systems are imperfect. In certain horrible countries—England, for example—they retain the tradition of monarchy and actually support a king in a royal palace. They do not understand the art of baking bread, and when one asks for chicken a la Maryland or Virginia ham one is given a blank stare. They waste government money on theaters and opera houses, and, in some places, a poet has more social importance than a rich brewer. Nevertheless, in spite of these inconveniences of thought and action, Uncle Peter and his family are, on the whole, fairly content. Are they not in the very places where they do not belong?

Colonial History Debunked

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Harold Underwood Faulkner

PROBABLY no period in our history has received more exhaustive investigation by historians than that between the discovery of America and the War of the Revolution. Yet it is astonishing how large is the amount of almost unadulterated bunk which has been regularly disseminated in books and school rooms.

Virginia presents one of the most persistent bits of fiction,—that a goodly proportion of its wealthy families emanated from the nobility of England and came to Virginia after the decapitation of Charles I. Actually, the Virginian aristocracy developed almost entirely within the colony, and the larger part of it was derived from the English merchant class. The leading families of Virginia had exactly the same origin as those of New England. The Virginia middle class sprang from the families of immigrants of humble means and origin.

The colonial Virginian stock was, in fact, primarily recruited from the lower and poorer classes in England—those groups whose economic position at home was hopeless. A number of these were able to pay their own passage and to set up immediately as small proprietors. The great majority, however, of the immigrants to Virginia came as indentured servants. Between 1635 and 1680 there arrived in that colony annually from 1000 to 1600 servants, Governor Berkeley estimating the annual immigration at 1500. Wertemberger believes that 80,000 would be a conservative estimate of the number of indentured servants who landed, asserting that they were the most important factor in the settlement of the colony. Becker describes these servants as an "inferior and servile" class. In brief, then, the white colonial population of Virginia,

instead of being composed of the best elements of English society, was composed to a considerable extent of the worst.

Most people have another misapprehension when they think of the colonial South as a community in which the social and economic unit was the large plantation worked by slaves and supervised by cultured gentlemen who lived a life of opulence and refinement. As a matter of fact, there were few slaves in Virginia until the 18th century. Again, although the tone of Virginian society was given by wealthy planters of the type of the Beverleys, Carters, and Byrds, most of the southern whites were small landholders, as Wertemberger has conclusively proved. Prof. W. E. Dodd, a leading Southern historian, maintains that "nine-tenths of the South's landowners at any period were small proprietors." Moreover, the Southern planter of large estate, where he existed, like his English prototype, was a hard-drinking, horse-racing farmer, whose recreation was more often found following the hounds than in perusing the classics, and whose sexual appetite was as likely to be appeased in the quarters of his slaves as in the bonds of holy matrimony.

From the pride with which the Colonial Dames point to their ancestors one would suppose that they were supermen, the *ne plus ultra* of European society. On the contrary, a majority belonged to the class at home who were economically beaten or who were persecuted for religious or political beliefs. The latter element, of course, were likely to be above the average; the former group, however, driven out by economic pressure, left reluctantly and contributed a racial stock highly undesirable, except as providing a supply of cheap labor. Relatively few im-

migrants who were economically independent came to America of their own initiative during the colonial period.

What has been said of the population of Virginia applied to most of the northern colonies, but to a lesser degree. In the North the self-sufficient farm obtained rather than the large plantation and, as a consequence, the pressure for cheap labor was not so great. Nevertheless, indentured servants of various types and the beaten and outcast of many nations formed a goodly proportion of the immigrants. We find Governor Bradford of Plymouth describing a most degrading sex crime and trying to explain "how came it to pass that so many wicked persons and profane people should so quickly come over into this land." His explanations have a modern ring to them. The chief reasons which he advanced were (1) that the great need of servants in a new land forced those in need of help "who could not have such as they would . . . to take such as they could"; (2) that ship owners "to make up their freight and advance their profits, cared little who the persons were, so they had money to pay them"; and (3) that many "were sent of their friends that they might be eased of such burthens and they kept from shame at home that would necessarily follow their dissolute courses." The colonial court records of a typical New England community, such as Plymouth, with its depressing series of indictments for sexual crimes, indicate clearly that there was a considerable sub-normal racial stock present. From whence, then, comesth this exaggerated pride in colonial forbears and this idea that the colonist was a superman and the very flower of Nordic civilization?

The popular conception of colonial New England is as erroneous as that of Virginia, only in this case the trouble arises from an excess of hostile criticism, due to the tendency to blame most of the unpopular features of our civilization upon New England Puritanism. The picture which the average individual has of early New England is that of a community whers a lot of long-faced hypocrites divided their attention between sterile fields and a horrible theology, and dragged out a gloomy existence under

the iron rule of a ministerial oligarchy, the monotony varied only by the pleasure of occasionally hanging a Quaker or burning a witch. Because a lying parson, one Sam Peters, invented a number of so-called "Blue Laws," many today still believe that to kiss one's child on the Sabbath, to make mince pies, and to play certain musical instruments were criminal offences under the laws of New Haven.

The laws in New England were not only less cruel than in England but they were enforced with less severity. That there was considerable interference in the private life of the Colonial New Englander is not to be denied; but who are we who live in an age of innumerable violations of personal liberty, and who have barely raised a protest, to sneer at our forbears?

True enough, New England for almost two centuries was virtually, though not technically, a theocracy; but it should be remembered that the clergy of colonial New England were the best educated, often the only educated, individuals in the community, and exercised power through the force of intellectual superiority as well as through the prestige which came from their position as head of the most important social institution in the community. The possibility of a society ruled by its most intelligent citizens is so far removed from the degenerate democracies of our own time that it is quite beyond our powers of comprehension. Hence, I suspect, the somewhat condescending attitude which we assume toward our ancestors. Those of us who have dallied in the tap rooms or before the fireplaces of the cosy colonial taverns, or have stood in amazement at the sure and often rich art of New England as displayed in the Royal Mansion at Medford or the Lee Mansion at Marblehead, cannot help but feel that at least 18th-century New England could not have been such a hopeless place in which to abide. If some of the evils under which we suffer are, as is contended, the result of Puritanism, it was the Puritanism of those who moved out. Certainly New England has been as much as any part of our country the home of that religious, political, and personal liberty which is fast vanishing.

Uniforms for Thoughts

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Margaret Lynn

THE little boy next door is calling to his mother, "Moth-aar, Moth-aar," over and over, apparently to unhearing ears. I know that he wants something very special or else is in a tender mood, because ordinarily he says "Mother," or even "Mama." On the other hand, when he is called in unwilling from absorbing occupations, I can easily guess the mood of his response when to a "Hen-ry!" from the window he returns an impatient "What-tee!" When he is feeling merely masculine and independent he retorts a brief and businesslike "What?" Or, since he is playing with other boys a little, "Wut?" Does Henry wish to express pleasantness or easy familiarity, he achieves it lightly by adding a diminutive. Does he want to embody impatience of feminine control and haughty assertion of right, he adds an emphatic *ee* or breaks the word in the middle into an impudent "wha-at."

The tyranny and inflexibility of language have not yet irked him. A word is an obedient thing which takes the shape he wishes and says the thing he would say. He is a very monarch among words. When he says one he means what he thinks. So far as he yet knows, the whole world is malleable, flexible to his will. As soon as he can, he intends to manipulate it as he does his words. These he is acquiring daily, each one an asset. I can guess from the frequency of their appearance which one is the newest. Yesterday it was "gawky." Another new word will come the next day and the next—the resources the world is opening to him are endless.

Henry cannot yet know what a box of limitations he has been born into, or that its rigidity is to be continuous. He may do things which no man before him thought of doing, but he can never, after he reaches the stage of complete artic-

ulateness, make use of a word absolutely his own, one which does not bear the mind and creation of other men. The form of his phrase, the order of his words, even the rhythm of his voice and the tune of his sentence, are all racially determined for him generations before he opens his mouth in speech. When he wishes to say the most intimate personal thing, the thing most his own, he must do so in a phrase which would have been chosen as well by a stranger, a man unlike him in any way. When he wishes a term of endearment he must use one which has served millions before him—and his feeling will be different in grade and degree, he will think, from what all the others have felt.

For everyone in the world a worse limitation is added to that. It is not merely yourself, but the man you speak to, who in the end chooses your words. For you cannot communicate anything to him except in words he knows and understands. When you use a novel word you leave, for him, a blank in your sentence. Henry thinks he is choosing his words from a limitless well, but every man he meets will help to put a limit on his source.

And there is a worse thing than that: others can and do deplete and damage the value of our hoardings. Word after word slips away from us, or we are made to use it sharifacedly, because of the mal-aroma it has acquired in the speech of others. Do you easily say "refined" now? With what meaning and in what tone do you speak of "culture"? How long is it since you have used "genteel"? "Elegant" and "cultivated" are slipping gently from you along the same path. And yet each of these words, not so very long ago, wrapped up an ideal by no means unworthy. The more exquisite a word initially, the more tawdry it

becomes when ill-applied. You cannot use honorably a term which has become a hireling of ideas less fine or less honest than yours. Thus one phrase after another is stolen from you and you must acquiesce.

Some men want words for their speech; others are content with baskets—loosely woven and leaky ones at that. Uniforms for thoughts we have. If we are not alert we fall into triteness and conformity, using phrases and whole sentences that are trade-manufactured. It looks like a proof of abject conventionality and similarity in ourselves that we submit naturally to such likeness of phrase. Perhaps it is not more curious than our similarity of dress, of house, of habit. Yet that is but a matter of convenience, while a man's speech is himself. His thought and feeling are all he really has. How can he bear to put them into phrases used as public carriers—characterless as seats in a railway train? A man brings himself hardly to the wearing of secondhand clothing. But he clothes his thoughts in old secondhand phrases, faded and dull, mouthed by thousands before him. Nothing is more a summary of the humiliation of poverty than one buying old shoes—things shaped to other feet, having done their errands, gone on their journeys, borne their loads. How can his feet wear them? How do one's thoughts fit to the long-used clothing of other thoughts or the common phrase of the multitude?

But there is a converse to this. There are times when one is impatient with the snobbishness which is zealous to discard a term when some undesirability in its meaning has been recognized too completely. "Secondhand" becomes "used" to save the feelings of one who can only be a second owner; "cheap" turns to "less expensive"; and the less expensive hotel becomes "unpretentious" in the guide-book. Grammar, ousted from its once honorable place in the curriculum, tries to sneak in with all concealment possible as "practical English." Chemistry has been chemistry ever since it ceased to be alchemy, and physiology is physiology; but cooking, a valuable combination of science and skill, no sooner got itself a place in

curricula than it scurried shamefacedly into "application of heat to food products." Man has always sought a sweeter name for a spade. He has sometimes deceived himself or others into conceiving that it has some charm of form, or is to be used from choice, not necessity. But after all everyone has moments of knowing that it is used for turning earth and is commonly dirty and frequently needs scouring. It is the courageous ones whose words never suffer discounting.

"The magic of the necessary word," one said in a fine phrase. A rare magic, truly. But when will that again be the necessary word? When necessity arises will there be a word to meet it? When you say "blue," how many who hear you see the same color you do? When men say "goodness," one means benevolence, and one good-nature, and one righteousness before the Lord; and one means something different from all of these.

"All words are juggles," said speculative Samuel Butler.

But, on the other hand, how a man's thoughts may be bound by his locutions. A man is impoverished by his finished phrases. Certain terms have been handed down to him, or acquired when he first acquired ideas, and have served to define these ideas ever since. If he were required, in referring to them, to do so in new phrases, how hard he would find it—but how those ideas might expand! The best thing that could happen to the word-bound man would be to have a limited aphasia suddenly sweep away his whole set of phrases.

It would be a valuable exercise for one to require himself for a day or a week to say everything, even the most commonplace statement, in a new way. How old ideas would take on new freshness and light, and ideas which had been masquerading as new show themselves to be merely old ones. Think of the sermon-maker; with all his long-repeated, time-solidified phrases! How it would tax his intelligence and strain his energies to define his long-familiar theses in any but long-familiar combinations of words.

Man is hoping always to discover in words an open door—and finds them often at the best only a grating.

What Young America is Thinking

Condensed from The World's Work (August, '27)

Mentaville Flowers

THE keynote of my inquiry among high-school children, "What are you going to be?" showed that 99 percent of the children whose parents were in the four great productive industries—agriculture, mining, lumbering, and fisheries—were turning away from the work of their parents.

In the field of "manipulators of material things", that is, manufacturers, traders, bankers and insurance men, the number who planned to follow the vocations of their parents was extremely low, with the exception of the field of finance. The total of schools surveyed reported 651 parents who were bankers and the like, and about 70 percent of their children intended to enter that line. This indicated a greater satisfaction with work among parents in this line than in any other and apparently more parents advising their children to follow their footsteps. The total number of parents in the whole field was 10,202, and only one-third of the children thought of entering it. This is a change of 67 percent.

Leaving the field of workers and going to the "professions", we notice at once a great increase in the number of children intending to enter them. The ratio between the number of parents in these vocations and the children choosing them is multiplied by 12, for instead of being one third as many children as parents there are four times as many.

I subdivided the group for more accurate inquiry. The first division dealt with physical caretakers, ranging from chefs and athletic trainers, to barbers, beauty-parlor workers, and finally including dentists and doctors. The number of students expecting to enter these lines was about twice the number of parents engaged in them. In the second division I placed those dealing with the mind: teachers, authors, journalists; and entertainers of the mind such

as those in the drama, moving pictures, and amusements. Six times as many students as have parents in these lines intend to enter them. The greater number of these were girls entering the teaching field.

The third division comprises those who take care of the spiritual and moral natures of man, the principal of whom is the minister. "How many of you have chosen the ministry as your life work?" Instantaneously, the second of the three great laughs was given. (The first had been for the farmer). The students looked about to see who would raise a hand.

When I asked the question again, including as spiritual leaders ministers, missionaries, deaconesses, sisters of charity, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and Boy Scout leaders, a larger showing of hands resulted.

A detailed record was made of 49,082 students in 60 schools.

Of these 60 schools, there were 13 in which no hands at all were raised in answer to the question.

Of the 55 schools in which there were boys, there were 34 in which no boys raised hands.

Of the 55 schools in which there were girls, there were 23 in which no girls raised hands.

The largest number in any one school was in Lexington, Kentucky, where out of 590 present there were 20, 6 boys and 14 girls. The total number in all the schools who raised their hands was 139 students. There were 48 boys in all, or 1 boy for approximately every 1000 students; and 91 girls, or 1 girl for every 540 students; or taken together, one religious worker for every 432 students.

Why this laugh at ministers and why this small number of students whose thoughts tend to spiritual work? Prob-

ably no answer acceptable to all can be given. But at the beginning we must note that only 40 percent of the people of the United States (1924) are church members—this includes all Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, and independent churches of every kind.

The tendency of young America to laugh at the ministry is revolutionary. What have the ministers been doing to reverse the exaltation formerly accorded them by youth?

First, the laugh is not due to lack of moral or spiritual quality. The high school age is when individuals seek and formulate ideals. Their intuitive reverence for God and religious practice has not diminished, but is profound and impressive. Many of the high school assemblies were opened with reading the Bible and the Lord's Prayer. In several schools these devotions are conducted by the students themselves. I have never seen compliance, sincerity, and reverence in worship in equal degree anywhere; if religion can find no root in such soil, it is not the fault of the soil.

Second, the high-school youth are not responsible for the social practices of the time; they have merely accepted the universe as it was handed to them. They have not written the vulgar songs, devised the voluptuous dances, created the flapper with diaphanous dress, or invented the other things cited by ministers and moralists as evidence of youthful turpitude. The attacks on the morals of high-school boys and girls are made almost entirely by ministers. And since these ministers denounce youth for living under conditions which they did not create, and charge them with intentions and sins of which they know themselves innocent, the ministers must expect retaliation, and they are receiving it in ridicule.

Third, boys and girls of today refuse, on entering a church, to leave their intellects on the outside. During five days in the week they trust the intellect as a guide to life, and revel in its exercise. With them the ministerial dictum is dead. These students are mentally advanced. My personal experience with nearly 100,000 of them within a year convinces me that their elders are underestimating high school ability to

sit in judgment upon the best discourses that can be delivered by the best ministers of the time. This opinion is supported by an experiment conducted by the Henry Frick Educational Commission. Five experienced lecturers delivered addresses to 10,000 high-school students under the lofty general subject: "Beauty and the Fine Arts," a study of beauty in relation to sculpture, line and color, poetry, literature, and culture of the spirit. The students were required to write reports criticizing the personality, special technique, and the ability of each speaker. The commission reported that, of 2,161 of these essays "228 spoke, with an almost uncanny degree and directness of perception, of the personality of the various artists. How they managed to secure and assimilate so complete an impression in so short a time is little less than marvelous. 580 spoke with the utmost discernment of various technical excellences in the addresses. 525 emphasized various philosophical comments made by the various artists. 586 made criticisms with frankness and entire truthful sincerity, and in very many instances their criticisms were perfectly just and extremely valuable to all who are attempting to make the *experience and wisdom of Age acceptable rather than repulsive to Youth*."

Ministers who fail to pass the mentality test set up by the penetrating perception of these youth, bring their whole profession into discredit. One day a high-school senior, a member of a church where he had listened to a sermon by such a minister, said to me: "Well, that man means all right, but he just hasn't got it in the bean." With these students intellectual ability is the criterion upon which they base their respect. When a minister fails there and frankly discounts the intellect and ridicules those who attempt its guidance, as many do, he himself appears ridiculous to students.

Fourth, upon the mental retina of these youth the current controversies between churchmen appear in dark and ludicrous forms. The unfortunate wrangle and division upon the subject of fundamentalism and modernism, has been exclusively a ministerial fight, repudiated by the laymen of all churches.

(Continued on page 316)

New Vocation for College Women

Condensed from The American Magazine (August, '27)

Rosa Reilly

EVERYBODY seems to know Ann Derickson as she goes by in her old touring car, curtains flying, ladders tottering. Miss Derickson is a painter of houses, barns, schools, and factories, in the village of Bedford, New York. Her best girl helpers earn union wages, just as men do. She knows exactly what blend you will want for bookshelves, linen closets, or workshop. She has just finished working out an entirely new shade—the color you see only on old Sevres china.

When Ann first came out of school she tried office work, but found it hard, nerve-racking and none too highly paid. She has always wanted to live outdoors, so she and her mother moved to Bedford to run the "Jumble Inn." There she did all the painting around the place. One day, when a neighbor was unable to find a man to paint his house, since all painters were over-busy with spring contracts, she volunteered to do the job.

"Yes," she told him, "it will be ready on time."

In her desire to do the painting well, she worked slowly and fearfully. But before it was half completed she decided that she could never finish it on time without assistance. The only available helper was a "handy man about town" who declared he was a master of the art. But he wasn't. Ann had to fire him and finish the job alone. Beginning long hours before sunrise in the cold February weather, and painting inside long after dark, she managed to get the little white house shining and dry, ready for the owner to move in on the proper day.

After that Ann got more work. She

got an old touring car, and before long she was much in demand. Even New York heard of her. A most conservative children's school on 12th Street engaged her to keep the building in condition under yearly contract. "I have painted New York red, white, and blue," Ann says, "by contract."

For the first year she depended entirely upon men to assist her. But the next spring she drove her car to Barnard College and asked the Occupational Bureau for three undergraduates who were willing to learn to paint. She received 60 answers, and selected three.

She still has her original trio, Barnard graduates now, and nine others besides—mostly college women. Four of them have actually decided to make it their vocation. Twelve dollars a day is "not so bad", they remark. "Try to earn that writing poems or secretarying in Wall Street."

In the winter, if the girls are working in New York, they live in modest but comfortable hotels. And for diversion, they prefer the opera and fencing lessons!

"There are hardships too," Ann says. "Last summer we had a job to finish in double-quick time. It meant working for a whole week from six a.m. till one o'clock the following morning. And this past winter there was a mouldy old house in Connecticut, so cold that even with huge fires, it was warmer outside. But," she adds, "we are happy to be earning our living under healthful conditions, in the open air. We get many an honest thrill looking over a home we've just painted, or an office we've redecorated."

(Continued from page 314)

The youth of the high schools set their own experience against these ministerial quarrels. They see no difference of mental action or emotion in the different sects about them. They perceive that the academic disputes which have split the world into a thousand different ways of worshipping God, constitute the most colossal and ridiculous folly of man. The demands heard from pulpits for world peace and unity of political action on the one hand, contradicted by universal fight and division of religious groups on the other, justify the attitude of indifference on the part of youth. Their laugh is a challenge to bigotry.

In the aesthetic fields—music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, designing, and decorative art, a very high percentage of students responded affirmatively. This is one of the great changes wrought in youthful thought by the enlarged curricula of the schools. The development of courses in art, instrumental music, the organization of bands and orchestras—these have given our youth a new outlook. It may have been a series of coincidences, but I also found the best manners and finest spirit in the most beautiful buildings and most aesthetic environment, and the worst in the most unattractive.

All these vocations from producers of materials to cultural leaders arrange themselves in horizontal strata, but certain workers, "helpers" we may call them, are required by all—the stenographers, typists, bookkeepers, clerks, secretaries, and assistants, who figuratively are the steel that runs through them all, and makes the great wheels line up and go round. As this is the easiest and quickest way to self-support we shall expect the numbers to be large. 14 percent of all the students had chosen this field; this is 19 times as many as all producers combined, twice as many as makers, carriers, sellers, and financiers combined, and four-fifths as many as all who deal with man in his physical, mental, spiritual, and aesthetic aspects.

In distinctly agricultural communities 70 to 80 times as many planned to enter this line of work as planned to be farmers. These high percentages give countenance to the complaints of many farmers

against the emasculating influence of high schools; that they "are spoiling thousands of first-class farmers to make third-class clerks out of them."

I came to another question. "Over all these vocations, and equally distributed everywhere is that of the politician. How many of you are going into politics?" This question brought instantly the most derisive of the three great laughs. In this spirit statistics were valueless.

"If we have government, we must have officers;" I went on, "and if we have officers we must have elections and candidates and the right kind of voters to elect them. Anyone who laughs at political activity mocks his own welfare.

"The standard of living in a country has much to do with human happiness. In the United States is the highest standard of living in the world. The only place where you can guard this precious possession is in politics. By politics you can continue your faith in one another, your school team work, and so may have whatever kind of government you desire.

"As the unity of all nations in leagues, councils, and courts advances, the highest types of intelligence are required. In these councils all the interests of our nation are at stake—all peace, all prosperity, at home and abroad. No satisfaction will be so sweet as the beneficent leadership of your fellow-men.

"Therefore, whatever your vocation may be, make politics your avocation. When you have learned the game and when your time comes, step out and say, 'I am a candidate. I can be a member of this board, or mayor, or Congressman, or President. I seek the office because I have a program and these are my principles and my reasons for them.' Then roll up your sleeves, muster your friends, and go after the office with a mighty effort."

After I had made this defense, many expressed themselves in written reports after this manner: "Notwithstanding what Mr. Flowers said, I will have nothing to do with politics. It is a degraded business, run by crooks." Others wrote, "I never understood politics in this light before."

Mind-Stretching

Condensed from The Century Magazine

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

"ONCE upon a time there was," begin the stories of our childhood; wonderful, beautiful, exciting; and the child wishes he had lived then, wishes he could go back, finds the present dull. "Once a time there will be," is an opening for stories which may be far lovelier and more stimulating; and when the child desires such surroundings, such events, we can say that they may be had for the making.

Genealogy has a profound interest for some of us. One long-buried ancestor means more to us than a hundred unborn descendants. History is a favorite study, especially ancient history. Two years ago there was more intense interest in the unearthed treasures of Tut-ankh-Amen than in the current organization of the world.

What is the matter with our minds that they only stretch one way? Our mental area is coterminous with the universe. It is capable of thinking backward to the nebular hypothesis and forward to the hypothesis of eternity, but this capacity is not used. We, who can hold earth and sky in easy range, live in a few rooms. We are "kitchen-minded," "parlor-minded," "nursery-minded," and "office-minded," with a weekly excursion heavenward and a few disconnected ideas on politics.

Even learned persons usually pack their minds instead of stretching them. It would seem possible to know so much that one cannot think. Moreover, with the increasing sum of knowledge, we specialize more closely, and stretch our minds in a single direction. Quite apart from special learning, vitally necessary as it is, the great mass of us could, if we

chose, enlarge our mental activity to an unknown extent by no more difficult method than a little gentle exercise. But we make no effort to exercise the brain, widen its range, strengthen its action.

Most of what we are forced to learn as children is promptly relegated to "the subconscious." It is a singular process of education, laboriously pushing into unwilling minds what we know will not stay there, merely something children are expected to go through with, like the measles. "Children will not take advantage of the experience of their elders," we say, but, as a matter of fact, we do not teach them that experience.

There is a wonderful new art in the world which we, with these little-used minds of ours, have utterly failed to appreciate. Let us stretch our minds a little to see how limitlessly the moving picture might enlarge the mind of the world. When, with the aid of the cartoonist, the screen replaces the school-book in most of the informative fields of education, a child of ten may know more about the world than any but the wisest geographers. Children may see before them the world as it slowly grew. Where now a map is a mystery to many a childish mind, one flight in an airplane would give to each a bird's-eye view of city and country, and the bird's-eye view would turn into a map, with no confusion. And the world, once seen, would never be dropped into "the subconscious."

We could give the child the unspeakably thrilling story of unfolding plant and animal life on earth. Next, the story of human growth, the vivid,

thrilling, spectacular series of inventions, discoveries, achievements which make us human; a continued story, opening day after day, overflowing with adventure and triumph; the greatest story ever told—and a true one.

The evolution of industry is the inside of history. We could follow the drifting log, leaped upon, perhaps, to escape a chasing tiger, as it was hollowed to the first canoe; show the canoe, turning to a boat, the boat to a galley, the galley to a sailing-ship, the sailing-ship to the steamer, one straight story of growth.

To see the story of humanity would be not only ceaselessly interesting in detail and valuable in sum; but its largest benefit is that no child could forget that *life moves*. All of the learning here indicated and far more is of no benefit to us at all unless we use it to improve human life. Just knowing things is of no value. The brain is not built for cold storage. All our power to receive, retain, and collate impressions is utterly useless unless we can apply them to conduct. The future ought to be the main concern of every intelligent person.

Here is this story behind us which we find so interesting, but the story before us is of unfathomed wonder. If we read to a child some exciting tale, he cannot bear to leave the book; he is eager to know what happened next. We ourselves seem to have no curiosity about what is going to happen next. If life grew progressively worse as we advanced, it might be wise not to look forward, or even if we were powerless to affect events; but the contrary is true.

From age to age we move faster, move farther, and the world blossoms into numberless amazing inventions; also from age to age we are increasingly able to "remould it nearer to our heart's desire." Then why, in the name of reason, do we not stretch our minds forward? With this moving-picture teaching of life we shall at last see that it does move, that every difference between us and our hairy progenitors is a step of change, of doing something that never was done before. Up to date we have come a long way indeed, but are we satisfied? Does the world as it is

please us entirely? Are the average health and beauty of human beings a credit to us?

The initial step in mind-stretching is to grasp the thought that things do not need to remain as they are. The world has changed, the world can change, and we can change it. Our ancestors did much; we can do more. We have a noble line behind us, perhaps; but whether so or not, we can have a nobler line before us. We have injured our country by deforesting carelessly; we can improve our country by reforesting better than ever. Our cities are ugly and diseased, swollen, bloated things, necessarily criminal and morbid; but they do not have to stay so. We made them; we can remake them, and make them differently.

This applies in every field and to every problem. We are so accustomed to think only of little short-range things that it tires us to consider large ones; our minds need stretching. Our uproar over the troubles of life is as disconnected and futile as if no one had ever lived before, and would resolve itself into definite action to remove these troubles if we would but stretch our minds to see them as due merely to our own action or lack of action.

If we widen the range of mental activity to a degree quite possible to civilized beings, we shall then have room to place the facts of life in true relation. No man who is forced to live in a closet can take much interest in city-planning. But the closet is not locked.

No unusual power or genius is needed. The human brain is specially developed to think for humanity; that is what it is for. If it is cramped and stunted, there is nothing to prevent our freeing and developing it as soon as we choose. There is nothing to prevent any one from beginning a course of mind-stretching. No law can stop it, nobody need know we are doing it. We can think as far as we please. And day by day, as we use it, the mind will stretch farther, rise higher, grow stronger, by use. By the normal use of the human mind, by enlarged and applied intelligence, we can make of ordinary life something fuller and more enjoyable to all of us.

Words

From The North American Review

Mary Sargent Potter

SILENCE in some parts of the world, and among certain peoples, is the natural expression of vocation and temperament. Where this silence has become a habit of life, it has developed through concentration on wide horizons, both material and spiritual. Thus silence itself has come to be regarded as desirable, and cause and effect are often confused. We emulate a result, thinking to acquire a quality.

The Arab gazes out across the desert, his thought focussed on the vast spaces of nature. The immediate and correct interpretation of the signs and sounds of the wilderness is so vital to the preservation of life itself that silence impregnates his entire being. His very eyes remain mute as they look, tragic and remote, into the animated eyes of his western brother come to greet him from other civilizations. He is dumb in the ordinary intercourse between human beings, his senses attuned to other expressions. The men who live their lives amid Nature's august spaces—from glacial North to desert South—are silent men. Vastness imposes silence.

The Mystic of India develops his existence in wordless contemplation of unseen Perfection. The exquisite beauty of his thought, his faith and patience, frequently through lifelong misery, bear witness to the development of spiritual power through meditation. Listening is vastly more important than talking, when men commune with God. Men of the East have learned that the depths of the human soul are silent depths.

In the Western World the New England character is a less poetic expression of this habit of silence. Yet its course is no less deeply rooted, nor is it less instinctive. The desire for an uncompromising sincerity emphasizes action while it undervalues the loveliness of friendly human intercourse. Courage means endurance under the least comfortable conditions, for others as well as for self, while self-control, that highest attainable New England virtue, consists in controlling beautiful as well as vicious impulses. Above all it excludes any appearance of love, or any expression of the joy of loving.

In New England men do their duty silently.

These two forms of silence—the silence of communion and the silence of repression—spring from beautiful and sterling foundations. But in themselves they are incomplete, and individual lives, though enriched, are never fulfilled through them. Mysticism and martyrdom must be related to living issues through expression, or they degenerate, the one into introspective solitude, the other into narrowness of judgment. Lives become sterile which might have been rich, had experience been translated into utterance.

The ministration of words is indeed a blessed ministry. Because there are so many idle words, so many harmful words, so many insincere and bitter and malicious ones, we must not stumble into the mistake of believing that silence of itself has golden merit. There is the

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silence of indifference or self consciousness, of carelessness or weariness; there is the lazy silence, the silence which grows from a sense of futility, or from contempt and pride. Silence, no less than inaction, may be a form of selfishness. As the laws of harmony exist without music, so may all that is fundamentally beautiful in human life exist without words.

Carlyle in his wisdom says, "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge full formed and majestic into the daylight of life." Expression to be of value must necessarily be preceded by silence, by thought, by vision and by dreams. The great things which are given to the world are neither carelessly nor thoughtlessly conceived. The inevitability of the babbling brook soon ceases to fix our attention, as the mere flow of words often wearies by the trivial mind which it betokens. The stillness which lies fallow in the very depths of human experience gathers to itself wisdom and tolerance and clearness of insight, daring and imagination. These qualities, rising to the surface of human expression, enable men to accomplish those material tasks which are the legitimate work of all. Let us make certain that we do not confuse the lack of will and capacity for expression with the true value and beauty of silence. The silence which Carlyle extols "finally emerges into the great things of life."

We should be generous—I do not say wasteful—with the words which are born from the reality of sensibility and experience. Nothing in all the range of human capacity—save sacrifice—is more beautiful than the gift of fitting words. Sorrow can be lightened through the word of faith, sacrifice infinitely rewarded by an understanding word; hope can best be set afame by words of hope. To

the sick we instinctively speak the tender word of cheer. Can its value be measured by its brief content, or rather by the courage which radiantly responds from countless stricken lives? It is not possible to estimate the healing power which comes with the trust in a happier tomorrow. Youth, diffident and groping, longs unutterably for the comfort and the enlightenment of speech. Disturbed by the aspirations and mysteries of its nature, it cries out for the elucidations of maturity. Doubting the wisdom of its interpretation, it yet craves the relief of words.

Words are thus seen to be no mean gift, yet they are within the reach of the poorest and the humblest of mankind. What is required is the wisdom of the understanding heart. For words are of the very essence of love, and they are the offering we instinctively make one to the other in the supreme moments of experience.

It does not come of itself, this gift of fitting words. We must seek for it in the humbleness of spirit, seeing before our own needs the need in other hearts. This insight will cause us to cast aside self consciousness, diffidence and pride, in a tumultuous eagerness to give a form to our desire.

And beyond man's pattern, haltingly traced from instinct and desire, God, who operates eternally and infallibly toward ultimate ends, understanding the need of human hearts, gave the spoken word as the final expression of His love.

To be beautiful we must at times be profligate. And the will to overcome those varying constraints which hold back our speech denotes that spirit of recklessness in love which once poured forth a precious offering from a broken alabaster jar.

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THE WORLD

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